

# BRIGITTA

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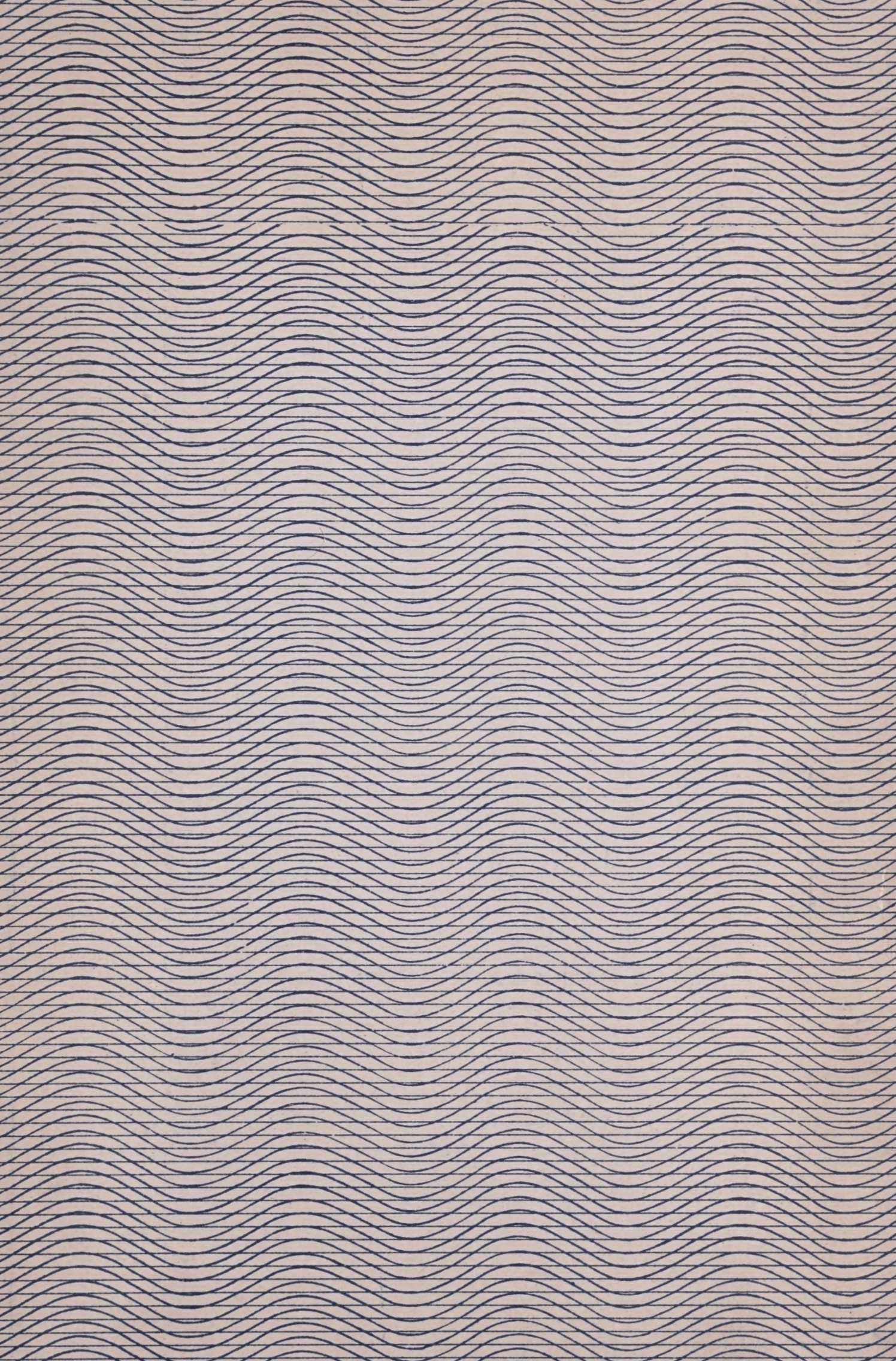
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# BRIGITTA:

A TALE

BY

✓  
BERTHOLD AUERBACH,

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

J. HOWARD GORE, PH. D.,

PROFESSOR OF GERMAN, COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY.

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AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION FROM  
THE GERMAN

BY

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JAMES A. McBRAYER, SR.,

LAWRENCEBURG, KY.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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**I**N the Black Forest, twenty miles from the university town of Tübingen, and high above the swift-flowing Neckar, stands Nordstetten—sleepy, quaint and time-worn. Though for the ordinary tourist it possesses but little attraction, the lovers of German literature will always regard with interest this little village which, on the 28th of February, 1812, gave Berthold Auerbach to the world. The birth of this child excited in the community nothing more than the passing comment of immediate friends, and after the formal entry was made in the parish register, many of them forgot his existence, and the less tolerant of that conservative town looked with sorrow upon this addition to the Jewish ranks.

His early years were spent at the Rabbinical school at Hechingen, where the instruction, peculiarly sectarian, and the taunts he was obliged to hear because of the faith of his fathers, gave the impetus to his first literary work and direction to his future life. However, yielding to parental wishes, he began at Tübingen the studies incidental to the profession of law, but pursued them with only a forced interest, his greater desire being to undermine those prejudices to which the Jews of that day were subjected. With



this end in view he entered zealously upon the study of theology and philosophy at Munich. This was followed by still more serious work at Heidelberg.

The first tangible results of his labors in this direction was a thesis on "**Judaism and its Relation to Recent Literature,**" published in 1836, followed during the next year by a novel, "**Spinoza,**" which contained sketches of Jewish life and reflections upon philosophical subjects. His study of philosophy led him to adopt the views of Spinoza, and believing that nothing but ignorance of these views prevented their general adoption, Auerbach translated the works of Spinoza and published them in 1841. The meager success achieved in this undertaking caused him to cut adrift from the abstract, and realizing the wealth of material immediately surrounding him in the folk-lore of his mountain home, he turned his attention to the writing of stories, publishing in 1843 the first collection under the title, "**Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten.**"

The dialect of his youth—Swabian—was especially potent in lending a charm to those simple tales. Its very simplicity of structure made it the proper vehicle for the expression of the untrammelled thoughts of the peasants. Its fondness for recurring sounds made it possible to add emphasis by the use of rhyming and alliterative phrases, while its richness in the metaphor substituted graphic simile for



ornate diction. Auerbach was permeated with the spirit of this dialect, and breathed it with all of its charm and beauty into his stories.

"**Auf der Hohe**," the novel best known at home and abroad, appeared in 1865, and at once took a high rank in German fiction. In 1867 followed "**Das Landhaus am Rhein**," but it failed to achieve the success of its predecessor because of its burden of lengthy dialogues on social and metaphysical topics.

Literary work occupied Auerbach's time quite fully, but rather on account of its pleasures than its profit. Letter writing became his favorite pastime, and having for friends Uhland, Freilegrath, Strauss, Jacoby, Lasker, Spielhagen, Mommsen and Du Bois-Reymond, one may realize that his letters rose far above mere interchange of gossip.

"**Brigitta**" was not written until 1880, and though thus late in the author's life, it reveals no loss of skill in painting men and women, and, in the opinion of many, it surpasses some of his earlier tales. In "**Brigitta**" we have the maximum of simplicity, for the entire story is the narrative of the heroine and is thus free from complex structure and elaborate diction.

The latter years of Auerbach's life were spent in Berlin. He left that city only to seek relief at Cannes from an ailment which finally caused his death on February 8, 1882.







## INTRODUCTION TO TRANSLATION.

One of my old friends, Emanuel Ottenheimer—familiarily saluted Charlie—who died a few weeks since, was acquainted with Berthold Auerbach, author of “Brigitta,” and informed me that he was a contemporary of his mother, reared in the same section of Germany, and he remembered upon one occasion when Berthold Auerbach came home from abroad a grand ovation was made in his honor.

William Euler, another of my German friends, three years ago loaned me the Jubiläum Ausgabe of the Louisville Anzeiger of March 1st, 1898, being the fiftieth anniversary of its publication, and looking over same—it being the grandest make up of a newspaper I had ever seen—I was induced to study its language, it being principally German; and during the summer of 1901 was loaned to me by G. A. Williams the German novel “Brigitta,” which I essayed to translate into English.

Dr. J. Howard Gore, Ph. D., Professor of German, Columbian University, holding the copyright of the edition of “Brigitta,” and thereby having the exclusive right to translate or dramatize the same, was



addressed, January 27, 1902, for permission to translate same, and I received his reply March 3, 1902, as follows:

"I have not the slightest objection to your making a translation of my edition of "Brigitta," and so far as in my power I am pleased to grant you full authority to proceed with the translation.

Very truly yours, J. H. GORE."

Dr. Alfred Hoffeld and Isaac Hirsch, two of my German friends, kindly aided me in this work, and just here it gives me pleasure to mention the names of my four German friends—E. Ottenheimer, William Euler, Dr. Hoffeld and Isaac Hirsch—in connection with this translation, it being made in the seventy-fourth year of my age, and for the generous and kind permission recited above I have inscribed this imperfect translation to Dr. J. Howard Gore, having omitted the latter part of the introduction and the notes of his edition, and in this form it is sent forth with the hope that its readers may learn to do the next best act of loving their enemies, to do good to them, and to this extent obey the Golden Rule.

J. A. McBRAYER, SR.



THIS TRANSLATION,  
WITH ITS MANY DEFECTS, IS INSCRIBED  
TO THE GENEROUS PATRON AND  
FRIEND OF LEARNING,  
DR. J. HOWARD GORE, PH. D.,  
PROFESSOR OF GERMAN, COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.







# “BRIGITTA”

BY

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

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TRANSLATED BY

J. A. MCBRAYER, SR.

A. D. 1901.

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## FIRST CHAPTER.

They say follow me, that I have practiced the hardest commandment: “Love your enemies.” I am not so good as men believe; there is one who passes for better than he is, while another for worse.

My husband looks not at all elegant, but whoever knows him and our history well, must say: “All respects for such a man.” There may be those more distinguished, but none more upright and better, and he is also very clever, except in one respect; he regards it every day as a proud fortune, that I, a daughter of a large farmer, took him for a husband, and when he will do himself a special favor, he calls me the Princess of the Wild Plum Farm. I was born at the Wild Plum Farm, but the house is no more to be seen—there, where it stood, now grow the forest trees.



Then there above on the road near the Boden Lake, up at the water shed, before it descends, there one sees in the midst of a dark wood of firs a fine leafy tree—that is the hollow Linden at the sunken spring—this is the only sign that once any one had lived there.

For two years I have been only once there, but no ten horses bring me further on. Truly, thoughts are stronger than ten horses, and they bring me very often involuntarily in dreams and in waking; and there I see the house, broad and large, with the thick thatched roof and brown beams, out of which it was built; at the corner, on the eastern side, are many windows near each other, and from the mountain down one can drive into the upper barn. Our house was one of the oldest in the whole section, and certainly it was the coldest; but we had not much experience thereof, the room was heated the entire year, and we certainly had plenty of wood. It was my mother's inheritance; father was the older son of the farmer who owned the upper place—the younger, Uncle Donatus, had gained father's inheritance, and my father had desired to secure another farm in addition to the one he obtained by marriage, and that was the very thing which caused the future trouble.

At the house was an orchard, and adjoining a few acres, but not many. We have planted over there only oats and potatoes; we have sold hay; breadstuffs we had to buy—for also the few acres that we have below by the village didn't hold out for our domestic use, with the many servants and day laborers. Whenever a family died off or moved out of the village, then father has offered for sale



the acres not sold; he has said, the poor people should become owners of the land. He had meant well with the men, even if he hadn't so expressed it in words. He was contented until—yes, that I will indeed relate, when I come to it

It has been lonesome at the Wild Plum Farm, but if one is accustomed to it, one needs no company. At evening father smoked and mother was spinning. I have, when I went to school, many times read aloud out of my school books. I have always liked to read. Mother, on the recommendation of the pastor, had also subscribed to a sacred history, with many pictures therein. I have read aloud out of that also, but not willingly. I had myself experienced what the innocent ones of God must suffer for pain and torture, and have screamed out in my sleep, for what was so dreadfully pictured appeared so real to me, until I became nervous and frightened; then father had forbidden that in the future such things be read in the night, and what father had said, was said once for all.

Father was named Alexander, but was called by us Xander; he had served with the mounted rifles with their huge bear-skin caps; the regiment has not existed for a long time, but father was proud of his honorable discharge, that hung on the wall in a golden frame. Indeed, father had much flattered himself on account of it, and it came to be his misfortune and also ours. There were five brothers and sisters; three died early, and mother has often said—but only to strangers and when father was not present—the farm is too rough.

I am the youngest child, was growing up in com-



fort and also in peace till in my thirteenth year. Peace was in our house, no gaiety; there was work, prayer, eating and sleeping. We had six, often eight, horses in stalls, and we had even raised colts. Schmaje, a cattle dealer, has brought to father what was necessary, and took away with him what was not needful, and for us no longer useful. Father worked with the servants as one of them. We have stock in the saw-mill and the firewood was conveyed to market with our own horses.

Father had also—I believe the forester Jorns, he was still young then, advised him thereto—to set out a bark forest, above on the high plain. The oak bark forest had brought in good money, and the only gay time was, when in spring the women who peeled the bark were singing. Bonifacia, wife of the Roadmaster, was also always there; she knew the most songs, and I and my oldest sister, we have also helped; since then I have still those many songs in memory; they often go through my soul, and then it is to me always as if I scent the sap of the young oaks.

Sundays we rode to the church—it is almost one hour distant—my sister and I on the back seat, father and mother on the front seat; our grays, with the beautiful harness, were hitched together, and proud were we to ride there. Hardly a word would be spoken, one forgot also his speech in the solitude.

Father had no associates; seldom did he go into the public room at the Angel Tavern, where we put up our team. When his pipe was in position he was happy, and when a comrade of the regiment addressed him, he passed his tobacco pouch, that his comrade



might fill his also; cigars had at that time not yet been furnished by us.

Father was chairman of the municipal council; they had willingly made him the Mayor, but we lived too far off; they can only use a man in that office who lives nearer by the church, by the town hall and school house, where the people can more easily bring forward their affairs.

When father was at the town hall mother went with us two little girls to the poor people; she had us willingly along when she practiced charity, and the poor have often said: "Indeed, children, you must prosper. The good deeds of your mother must be repaid you." Then has mother looked on us, her eyes swimming with tears; she was so tender hearted.

Who could suspect that it would thus overtake us and that I alone should be left remaining, and after hardships should be again as well to do, as I now am?

## SECOND CHAPTER.

The last house in the village next to our farm was that of the Roadmaster—thus named by us the street guardian. About the house and around was everything so neat, and in the small garden were the earliest and the latest flowers and well cultivated vegetable bed, and inside the small room everything was as in a doll house. Bonifacia had always time for everything and was always properly dressed. Truly, she had no one at home but her husband; her only son, Ronymus, was a servant for us. Bonifacia had been previously also in our service, and she had clung to us as if she was still our servant. Bonifacia never consented to accept what was given her; she



has said: "Mistress, I leave the gifts you wish me to have to remain with you, and fetch them some time when I am in need." But she has never for that come to us. On the contrary.

My sister married young, much too young, the son of the proprietor of the Angel Tavern in the village. Father gave her a large outfit, in pure cash. I have held with both hands the little sack as the gold and silver were poured therein. I am told it brings success when the hand of an innocent child is then present.

I had for my sister's marriage to get me a new dress, as this was the fashion with us at our home; now one sees her again almost not at all. I never was prouder in my life than at that time, as the music went on and we followed. Uncle Donatus and all of our relatives were there by each other, but I have thought every one looked only at me and my beautiful dress. My sister wept, and from that some prophesied good luck, but it has not yet come to pass. At the wedding banquet there was a gay time.

The trumpeter of the band had belonged to the mounted rifles, and my father let him blow the reveille, and he whistled to it; so gay I never saw him before. I remember quite surely that father at that time had spoken of his Captain (of horse) to the Baron Haueisen; what he said of him I know nothing more, but the name has remained with me from that time on.

I went away from the wedding table and stood down at the house door, and there I heard how a husband and wife—I didn't know them—talked with each other. The husband said: "That is the only



child of Xander, that will get some day the large farm, that is the princess of the Wild Plum Farm, and can obtain a distinguished farmer's prince." I am a farmer's princess and got a princely farm, that has flashed on me as lightning into my soul. Yes, yonder at the door of the house.

I have gotten enormously proud, and when I now saw the many beggars and cripples, who had assembled out of the whole section around the wedding place, I went to my brother-in-law and asked him to give me money; he gave it to me and I have distributed it among the poor. My first childish charity was pride. I was now also going to school. The way was far from our village, and I was, till in my fifteenth year, feeble and small; thus my first sorrow began with me. I staid the first school year at my sister's, but had severe home-sickness after being out from the farm. In the public house, where so many people were passing in and out, each was allowed to take a seat where he pleased, and cry and shout and order insolently; this was unpleasant to me.

My sister died at her first child. Agnes, we have her with us. She is the only child of my sister.

When my sister died, I was taken home again. But so are the people, never contented; now I was so lonesome at our farm and the road to school so far.

At first I have certainly not at all been able to understand that there at the mountain in the church yard lies my sister, and she comes not and says nothing and does nothing and cares not about her child and not about her only sister. But in youth one forgets all soon again, and it is well. I was gay and



had on the way to and fro sung just like a child of twelve or thirteen years.

My mother had wished to keep her grand-daughter, Agnes, with her; brother-in-law had taken her again with him, as he had married the second time—over there in Switzerland.

### THIRD CHAPTER.

One day the forester, Jorns, rode up to our house. He was then still young, but already in high esteem. I never forgot it—how I saw him at that time, and how he came in, then entered joy and honor with him, so likewise instantly in our sitting room. The forester sat on the table and said: “Wild Plum farmer, call your wife, I have something to tell you both.”

“Mother can not at all cease to speak of the honor and joy of such a visit.”

But the forester said, smiling with self-satisfaction: “Never mind; but what say you to this—that I am come to drive you from house and farm? Indeed, I think the just way is also the best way for you both. Also I have, in short, the authority from the government to buy from you your farm; with you no agent is needed. You are a just man, with you one goes out of rank. We estimate, according to right and reason, what the farm is worth and pay cash.”

Father and mother looked at each other, and father said: “Wife, what do you think of that?”

Mother coughed hard, and the forester said: “The cough gives answer. The farm is too cold, fully five months, from the beginning of winter till candlemas,



the sun doesn't shine on your roof. There people can not prosper; then wild animals belong here."

"What do you mean by that?" asked father.

"Simply, we will make out of your farm another forest."

"That would be impossible. That we are unable to answer for those who have lived there before us."

"Yet, yet," said mother, "if there is a good bargain, why not?"

"You say that?" replied father. "And yet your ancestors lived there, not those of mine. I for myself say: 'Mr. Forester, due respect to your proposition, but who is well situated should not move. I move not. If my wife will—'"

"I—I have indeed often thought, the heaven is at all times over the world—" She would have indeed willingly said more, but it had brought nothing forward, and the forester did not assist further; but he insisted on it that now nothing shall be made binding, the parents shall think over everything for themselves and send him word of their decision. I stood without before the house and looked at the house and fields and the forest, and can I believe that one can sell and go away from it all. I don't understand this. When I came in the room to supper, I asked, When we sell our farm, then where do we go? Mother said, and at the same time looked at father: "We sell not at all. We remain here where our ancestors have accumulated, and with sound bodies have grown old."



## FOURTH CHAPTER.

It was a bright autumn day; down in the valley the trees already had golden leaves; with us above there now grew the first ripe cherries. I went home from school, had my school satchel hanging over my shoulder, and was thus singing to myself. I know that song, though not all, but at the end is this:

“The cherries they are black and red,  
I love my sweetheart until dead.”

Thus a child sings and knows not what it is. Then I heard behind me something. I looked around and there came a wondrously beautiful carriage, drawn by one horse; then, everything was so fine that you couldn't tell of what it was made, and still held together.

It was a two-wheeled wagon, nearly like a cart, but high and fine, and on it sat a man. He had on a soldier's cap, or supposed to be one; he stops. I stood still; the vehicle came nearer; the man wore a long, tightly twisted mustache, like a cat's whiskers, and his eyes were green; but no, it was only green glasses.

I stood still, as if I couldn't at all move from the spot. To what place do you wish to go? The road leads only to our house. The horse, the vehicle and the man thereon came always nearer. The man asked me: “Child! which way?” I was frightened in my heart deeply—we had grown up very timid at the lonely farm. He asked me once more, and I said: “To the Wild Plum Farm.” “Are you then at home there?” “Yes.” “To whom do you belong?” “The owner of the farm.” “What is his name?” “Xander.”



With a leap he was down from the small vehicle; he had high shining boots on. "Come, child," he said, "I take you to your father's farm." I couldn't say a word. He took me around the body and lifted me like a ball into the beautiful vehicle; sprang in again and quickly away it went as if flying. The man asked me how old I was. I said: "I am going into my thirteenth year."

"You are still small," he said.

He clasped my hand and said: "Your fingers, after you will grow again still more, being judges, you will become as large as your father."

The prophecy—and it has come true—has made me very glad, for I am not at all pleased to be so small.

I asked the man why he had on green glasses, and then he declared to me that he had bad eyes, I told him I also had bad eyes, but the female messenger, Cordula, had cured them for me by this means: that a fresh laid egg, while it is still warm, must be laid on the eyes.

"That I will also do, I thank you," he said.

I had lost all fear and was glad at heart that I could certainly cure a man, and one so distinguished.

Indeed, my eye healing had already commenced early. When we drove up to the mountain opposite our farm, I must show him my copy-books. He praised me, that I could write so beautifully. I said, in mental arithmetic I can do still better. He gave me problems. I worked them all out, and he said: "You are very skillful and you are also pretty." Indeed, I was yet still a child, but there is nothing worse than to say such a thing to a child.



The serpent in Paradise had surely also said to Eve: "Oh, how beautiful; how wonderfully handsome you are!" It had truly at that time not yet been able to say: You are more beautiful than this and that one—and this makes the first flattery right sweet.

#### FIFTH CHAPTER.

We stopped at the farm close by. Father looked out of the window and called: "Why, what comes there?"

"Then do you no longer know me?" replied the man.

"Why, my Mister Captain of the Horse," spoke father, and came out, brought a chair for to alight and held his hat in his hand; but the Captain laughed: "Old comrade, never mind the chair, I can still vault. But before I alight I must beg you for something. Give me your child there. We have no children, and just such a one I have wished for."

"The Mr. Captain makes a benevolent joke," said my father, and laughed. He lifted me down and caressed my cheeks, what he had formerly never yet done.

I stood on the ground, as if I had fallen from the sky. So this is father's Captain and I am pretty! I went into the house, into our room, stood on the bench and viewed myself in the mirror. I have passed my hands over my cheeks; yes, I am pretty, and sensible am I also, and a princess of the farm besides.

I heard father with the Captain in the room. I took myself quickly out of the room, washed myself,



rubbed myself, and put on my beautiful clothes, those of the marriage of my sister. Mother came in and asked: "What is that?"

"Yes, mother, I must dress myself still differently before so prominent a man." "Whether that is a greater gentleman I know not. At any rate we need not to appear before him otherwise than we are." I went now also with mother into the room. Then said the Captain of Horse: "Xander, either sayest thou also *thou* to me, or I say *you*."

Father looked before himself down, and the man went away. "Also I say *you* and we are still good friends. Again I request, you call me no more Captain of Horse. I will no more be so named. You still know my name."

"Oh, certainly!" said father; "there you see it stands to me and mine daily before my eyes."

He showed him the discharge hanging on the wall; under it stood the name of the Captain of Cavalry.

Oh! If we at that time had known why the man was so modest and insinuating.

It must have just now happened. . . . .

Mother also asked why he wore green glasses. He said he had sore eyes. He speaks again not willingly thereof, for as soon as he spoke thereof his eyes became painful to him. This is what mother had with her sorrow just the same, and the Captain knew just to tell her how she suffered and not let it be noticed. Mother looked at father, as if she wished to say: "This is one time a well bred gentleman understands my sorrows."

The Captain, then, for all that, took off his glasses,



and he had eyes as beautiful as a blue stone, on which the sun shines. I can not at all describe how beautiful. He went with father to the stable and mother now said: "Come, we will just put on our Sunday clothes in honor of the gentleman."

Father came up from the stable to say, he goes with the Captain into the forest, and now you will boil and bake, our room fresh sweep, and spread a table cloth, bright as a mirror. Mother took the soldier's discharge of father's from the wall, and cleaned it afresh.

The man came back and at the meal the Captain said: "Indeed, dear friend, you are one of the happiest men of the world. You have a complete house, a good wife and a healthy child. I wish I were as good a farmer as you."

Father stroked the smooth table cloth and nodded before himself forward, and mother said: "It is worthy of thanks, when one once again hears how well off he really is; it is so easily forgotten."

"With your permission, Captain," asked father, "are you sincerely come in order to visit me?"

"That is right that thou—that you so straight forward ask, and I say also straight forward: No, not on that account alone. I heard that you wish to sell your farm to the State, or also only the forest. I am now also a man of business. I must, however, have something to do. I give always two hundred florins more than the State offers. Now, again I say: Don't change; remain on your ground and soil, there are you the real freeman."

He now related that he was in business with the owner of the raspberry farm, who may be a speculator



where may be a gain, also may be a loss. They had together undertaken, at present, a heavy contract for railroad ties.

"I can also furnish ties," father said. And the Captain agreed.

"Yes, you can well do that. Your trees have moss-beard, they must be shaved. Landlady, your ancestors must have been honest and rich people, that they have bequeathed you such a forest. You do not at all know how much dead capital is invested in your forest."

It was getting late, I went to bed; but I heard, as the Captain at last stood up, something about a black horse; and at last mother said: "The Herr Baron shall yet come again, and bring his wife with him, and shall let us also merit something so good as the raspberry farmer." What he said after that, I didn't hear, only this: "I have also your promise not to sell without my first bid. Now, farewell, and greet for me your beautiful daughter. What is her name?"

"Brigitta!" I answered out from the bed-room. The man laughed and mother scolded; soon the vehicle rolled from the house, and then all was still.

#### SIXTH CHAPTER.

On the following Saturday there also happened some news. The barber came, and father, who formerly was entirely smooth on the face, had left growing a mustache. He had wished again to be a soldier for his Captain of Horse.

The mustache of father's was already so large that he was able to take it between his fingers. There came a two-span coach driving up to our farm. On



the driver's seat sat two servants. In the coach sat the Captain, and by his side his wife; she had a hat with an arched feather, and in front lay a dead bird.

Mother couldn't at all say how much she was rejoiced, that the wife had also come to see us. The Captain's wife—one has only to call her Baroness—rubbed herself with a fine cloth over the face. O, how has that cloth emitted a fragrance; the whole room became full of it. She raised up the window, and said: "The air is too closely confined here." She had a voice like Cordula's, such as a half man's voice. Mother asked who had played this trick on the wife and had put on her hat a dead bird. The lady laughed—it was not a genuine one—but she quickly regained herself, and said: "Dear farmer's wife, this is now the fashion."

Mother shrugged her shoulders, called to me, and said: "Give the Lady Baroness your beautiful hand." "Don't! I can't permit this to the child. Dear farmer's wife, of the Wild Plum Farm, I am also straight forward like the farmer—who is offended at me shall take the offense. I say it openly, I can not permit the child."

When my parents and the Captain and his wife sat at the table, beautifully covered with linen, the Captain asked: "Now, Leontine, are you yet convinced?" "How so convinced?" mother asked.

"Indeed, you dear friends, I have brought with me my wife, that she at once learns to know the real honorable peasant. She has hitherto had an antipathy and superstition; she had always thought, among the peasants, it was very disorderly here. She now



sees how beautiful it is on such a solid and honorable peasant farm."

"Yes, I am now convinced," said the Baroness, and made a look, like a child that just comes from confirmation, and when she laid a hand, with the fine long fingers, on the hand of mother's, father said: "Yes, Baroness, that conviction is from two sides; also my wife, on the other hand, had supposed the distinguished persons, who speak such literary German, are not regarded as correct."

It was merry, how they teased each other up and down, and father spoke out of his mustache bluntly, much more freely than ever.

The Captain had no glasses on, and mother asked if his eyes were again entirely well.

"Oh, no," he said, "but my wife will not suffer it that I have sore eyes."

The Baroness looked at her husband with an evil eye, and said: "Indeed, the good peasant's wife has told me her heavy sorrow—and there! look at her, how she bears it. The men who call us weakness, can overcome no pain; there are we wives stronger. Take yourself an example of this simple peasant's wife. From this day on you are not allowed to grunt and groan any more. I will not listen to it any longer."

She said this almost laughing, and the Captain bit his lips. When they were driving off in the carriage, and father was praising the fine Baroness, then mother said: "That is a bad, a very wicked woman; she hasn't a straight look."

"She is not cross-eyed, is she?"

"No, but still she hasn't a straight look. How



she has snubbed her husband before our eyes, and he can not yet have in our presence a controversy. She holds it for a shame to be sick, because she is well. And how very submissive is the good husband to her. He has put for her his hands under her feet. As she is sitting in the carriage he has wrapped her feet in a robe—I have seen it—and then he has still asked: “Is it all right, sweetheart?” And she has never once thanked him.

#### SEVENTH CHAPTER.

From that day on the harmony between my parents was growing less, and at first I myself was to blame. The Captain then came again and said to me, he wanted to make a present for my confirmation, what shall I wish for myself. Mother forbade me to accept a present; the man was not related to us and not my godfather, and we are anyway not people who allow themselves to accept presents. But father said that was an affair of honor, the distinguished people accepted presents from the princes, and anyway he understood better what was proper in society.

I was, of course, on the side of my father, and when the Captain, on account of the delivery of ties, was again there, I had for myself wished for a golden chain. I have obtained it, and what besides has been the most beautiful on it was a clasp, and on it my name, “Brigitta,” with raised letters in gold.

Such a thing has not another child had, and yet I was prouder thereof than of my beautiful dress at the marriage of my sister.

I was almost angry at my mother because she said:



“One can choke a person also with a golden chain.”

And yet that has almost become true.

My mother was always cross and father always jovial, and I was also very gay. There was always much hard cash in the house, and money laughed, and father laughed also, when he piled gold and silver on each other. Perhaps, too, mother had not come to know—I at least knew not—where the money came from at that time. Mother wished he should give up the contract; she supposed they must let the forester Jorns know, as had been promised. Father thought, too, the State would not run away, and had procrastinated the message to Jorns from month to month.

When it was reported that the State had bought domain farther up, father said: “They must indeed still come to me. They can not cross over me. I lie in the way of them.” This he has shown to us on a township map, that the Captain once had brought to him.

Mother said: “It can still go to you, as the man who had a view for sale.” This was the same one of the small men who, formerly good and industrious, had lived on an eminence as a maker of clock cases. Now people often came to him who had surveyed the neighborhood, also prominent women have come, and all have said—here must the Princess build herself a castle, for there is the most beautiful view and the best atmosphere in the whole land. From that on the little man grew foolish, and worked no more, and always waited on the people, who bought of him the beautiful views.

When my mother said this of the picture seller,



father struck with his fist on the table, but suddenly he laughed, and said: "Then was I indeed very foolish to get angry about it; I have my understanding healthy, and retain it."

Yes, he has flattered himself much in regard to it, that he is wise, and the Captain has convinced him still more of it.

Father, who formerly for a month at a time, came not away from the farm, now has been no three days after one another more at home, then he is always riding and driving. Besides, father said not a word over the meal; now he has not enjoyed himself any more at home, and mother was so sad over it, that she herself scarcely ate anything.

When father remained at home, he was not really at home; he was restless in the room, going to and fro; he was always just waiting for something to turn up.

In the winter we have felled more wood than ever before; the people of the vicinity have earned much of it, but also many persons from abroad. We had at work men of all lands, with women and children, who in the summer had worked on the railroad. They lived in our barns and stables. There was many wild folk, and on our farm it was like a gypsy camp.

Mother asked, certainly quite shy, "How is it, then, if the forester, Jorns, has agreed thereto, and if he will not soon settle with him?"

"Yes," said father, "now they want the forest people not to ask yet; but they wish a law made by the legislature that we are not to have more bosses over our property. They shall make it; in the



meantime I fell my forest, and the State must afterwards still come and give me an equal price for the vacant land, which it was willing to give me therefor together with the forest."

Mother was satisfied, and asked only further: "Do you trust the Captain in everything?"

"So well as you. One can follow blindly him who has his eyes open. Be only quiet, without anxiety, and don't let anybody persuade you overmuch."

"You are the master," said mother, "I say nothing against it." And thus she has observed it.

In the spring there was much money in our house, but father had not let it lie idle. He had, with the Captain, bought a forest in Bavaria. Through it the railroad must come, it has been reported; one must only wait.

#### EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Father has purchased for himself a carriage. Mother has never taken a seat in it. Often has Ronymus driven the carriage, but most of the time father. Now and then he has also taken me with him. He is, so it seems, not willing to be alone. On the road, high over against the Boden Lake, stands in the forest a lonely tavern. There we met the Captain. Soon came Mr. Schaller. He saluted the Captain very courteously, my father only slightly.

"That is also your only daughter. I wish I had also such an one. Do not give her in marriage until my son again comes home from America, then shall she become my daughter."

I heard not what the men said to each other, but



father stood up and said: "Then I am the man, for the hoe I can find a handle."

When the Captain praised father, father laughed all over his face and went away. I wanted to go with him, but he didn't take me. I must stay by myself in the lonesome tavern.

I went before the house, sat on the bench, and heard three men therein laughing and making much noise.

I was sitting there and seeing beside me a large spider—it was crouched in the middle of a cobweb—a fly coming along it was caught. It had perhaps thought there was only air, but there are fine threads. The fly struggled but can't get loose; it snatches with its feet around itself and over itself, it comes not loose. The spider discovers certainly that it has been caught. It trembles, indeed, exhausted, and who knows what it thinks. It waits again still; the spider comes along on a run; the fly begins again to struggle. The spider takes himself away and waits again, and waits until the fly moves itself hardly at all, then the spider spins around it, begins to suck itself fast to it, and drains it out.

At that time, on the bench, it all at once came to me; the Captain or the Bergschinder—that is the spider, and my father is the fly.

When I was thus still thinking, my father came along, and by him was Mr. Heckerbauer and Mr. Schmaje. I went also with them into the room. When we came in, Mr. Schaller followed Mr. Schmaje forth and called: "If you don't go, I'll show you, that you, a Jew, are not allowed to attend a sale of real estate."



Mr. Schmaje went out and muttered something like a curse. Schaller laughed—he always shut his eyes when he laughed—and declared that to be a great joke, that one can tease Schmaje more or less, as one chooses. The men went with Mr. Heckerbauer into a side room. I heard hands strike together; the bargain appeared closed.

It was soon night. Our carriage was hitched up, and when we wished to mount, the Captain came and said to father—he has now a share in the business with Mr. Heckerbauer; he wished him to sell his interest and pay cash. Father thanked him and said, he was the man to be around and share fully in profit and loss.

We drove along, and father whistled on the way his soldier signal to himself. Suddenly we were halted. Schmaje there stood. He spoke very impressively to father herein, and warned him of the robber band he was falling into. “Schaller, particularly,” he said, “sneered at you, and called you only a goat, you appeared so lean and still had plenty of fat on your body. He said he wished to slaughter you, pen and all. And the Captain he is just as bad. Make yourself free! These are the blood leeches; these are spiders; they impoverish you.” “Yes, spiders,” I called, “and one fell on me, which I saw to-day.”

Schmaje said: “Do you hear that? Your child, your innocent child, says it also.”

“And she understands it just as well as you. I must still also be by it, if I am deceived.”

“Oh, Xander, good fellow!” cried Schmaje there,



and wept almost then. "Oh, Xander! You are an honest man. Your father was an honest man. Your brother Donatus is an honest man. I went already near thirty years out and in at your house. Here your child on earth and your father in heaven are witnesses, that I have warned you. I wish I may see no more stars, I wish my own child may never see, if I speak not the truth. Do you wish to take up with Schaller? Do you know what Schaller has done for you?"

"Me? What?"

"By him seven devils can go in the school? He has, in order to tame you and make you tame, let them deceive you. He has—"

"Enough! enough!" father interrupts him. "I deceive not. But say, if you expect that, what must I give you? I offer you one hundred florins—if you repeat that, what you said then, before Schaller and the Captain."

"A soldier and an advocate at the same time? That is too much for me," complained Schmaje. "But name still the person, not again the Captain—he has been thrust out with shame, and disgraced by a court of honor."

Without Schmaje giving further answer, father whipped the horse and drove on. I still looked back, and there stood Schmaje, and he lifted his hands up to heaven. We drove on; father whistled no more, and I said: "Schmaje certainly means well." Father impressed it on me I should tell mother nothing of the circumstance. "You are already wise enough," he said, "I will entrust it to you. I have also in mind to make myself free from that affair and again



continue to live to old age. I must yet this large business in Bavaria and two others wind up. But mother said nothing of all this, she is very much distressed, and is also not at all well."

In the night mother has awakened, and scolded me: "What makes you scream out always about the spider? There is indeed none there."

I must have dreamed of the spider.

#### NINTH CHAPTER.

A few days after that the Captain came riding on horseback to our house. Formerly there was always a groom behind him, in addition; to-day he was alone. He said in the room to father that he had discharged the groom, who for some days had been disrespectful to father.

I went before the house; there stood Ronymus on a ladder at the barn door and nailed to it a hawk. He told me that yesterday he had shot the hawk, just as it had a yellow-hammer in its claws, but it was already dead. The hawk was nailed up, and when Ronymus stood on the ground, he said: "Do you know what I would like to do? The Captain I should like to thus nail up. That one is also a hawk, and your father is the yellow-hammer."

He had scarcely said this, when father with the Captain came along and told Ronymus to saddle the horses, and one for himself also; he shall ride after them. Ronymus shook his head, and father called very angrily: "Why stand you still there? Do what I have told you." Ronymus didn't stir himself from the spot. Father screamed at him, so that mother



from the window shouted out: "Are you deaf? Hear you not what I command you?"

"Certainly, I have already heard it, but I do it not. You for yourself don't desire this, and behind him rides along the Devil, who is the Captain of the Devil's body guard."

Father raised his fist against Ronymus, but the Captain held him by the arm. Ronymus called: "You strike me, Captain, strike me; then in court it will appear who every one is."

The Captain laughed and spoke low to father, who now suddenly discharged Ronymus from service. When he now sat on the horse, he said further: "When I come home, and you are still there, I'll pursue you with a whip, and with the dogs chase you away."

Father trotted away with the Captain; it was a sight, as he sat on the horse.

Ronymus took a seat on the water trough, and that is the only time in life when I have seen him weep. He then washed his hands and his eyes, and it was almost laughable, how he said to me: "I wash my hands in innocence. Oh, Brigitta, you and your mother, you don't deserve this distress, and your father also deserves it not."

I asked Ronymus if he has an expression from Schmaje. He hesitated, when I asked that, and confessed that he had heard from Schmaje, but also from others, who the Captain is.

Ronymus went forth. My mother, who was not well and not able to go out of her room, called him back; but he didn't go to her. He went straightway forth, and had on a wheelbarrow his trunk with his



effects. He didn't give me his hand, and looked not back any more.

In a few days after, in the middle of the week, came Uncle Donatus. Father was not at home, but mother said he may come at any hour, and uncle shall wait. He consented at once and went over the whole farm. When he again came to the room, he said: "That appears bad out there; indeed the servants are the boss." Mother did not admit that; she was unwilling to let anything take from the respect of father. Uncle said he didn't come in order to raise a disturbance.

Uncle wished to go, and when he had his hand just on the door, father came. He gave his brother welcome, and asked how it happened that he came here in the middle of the week. Uncle spoke violently against the business and partnership with the Captain.

"Has Schmaje told you this?"

"He, too, and others also. Xander, you have never been crafty—"

"And because you are my brother I consider this good of you. Just now I do not need a guardian." It was on the eve of there being a bad dispute.

Mother—they saw it was severe on her—said to uncle. "Brother-in-law, it is all right for you that you have come. But because my husband is now here I am allowed to say it, he has confided to me that he is intending to make himself free from the trade. And now it is all over, and peace, and no strife, between brothers. Now, stay here, Donatus, and eat with us."

Uncle then remained, and so far, all was well.

Mother has exerted herself too severely; she



must lie down and not stand up longer. She has wished for Bonifacia, and she is also soon here. Mother has wished for father to take Ronymus again into service. Father has consented, but it was already too late. Ronymus has indeed hired himself to Ulm as a coachman. Father was kind and good to mother, and she has consoled him so much as she could.

Once mother sent father and Bonifacia out of the room. I must alone stay with her.

"Child," she said, "I have still something on my heart. You have still the golden chain from him there . . . . received from the Captain; but allow yourself never again during life to accept something from any man. And hold your father in honor. He is brave and thoroughly good; the rascals have had an easy time with him. Jorns has meant it well; he can not help it. Oh, our beautiful farm! Our forest! Dear God! I pray you only for our people. Dear God, take away from me only in the last minute the thought in respect to the Captain, that I may die without a curse on him." Mother died easy. How father and I wept, that I can not relate.

#### TENTH CHAPTER.

It appeared that the Captain had already lost his rank; but I must still persist in giving him his title. He has, since that ride with father, no more come to our farm. It seems he has taken the affair with Ronymus as a good opportunity in order to begin a quarrel with father; there was, indeed, nothing more to take from us. How and why afterwards a great lawsuit arose out of that, that I don't know and



have never clearly understood. I have, of course, believed father, that he would win the suit; of that there was really no doubt. Father was continually swearing at the Captain, and still has nothing more to do with him, for the Captain had sold his lawsuit to a stranger, and was with his wife in Paris or in Italy journeying.

I had only continually to pacify father; he understood now not at all more why he engaged himself in all this; he had still property enough and only one lone child. He hoped in the meantime constantly that all would be good again; certainly, mother was not again to be resurrected.

One day Schmaje came and said to father—a lawsuit can even now be won, as well as lost; if he should lose, then have an auction before the door. Now your father is still master over everything, and for that reason he is willing with him to make a formal sale and buy all our personal property—the linen and the beds in the house and the cattle in the stall; the purchase price shall stand at rest, and if the suit shall be gained, nothing shall be binding. One would still be a fool if he surrender to the creditor the property.

“You have been defrauded, why will you be a simpleton?” concluded Schmaje.

Father said: “That would be amazing.”

“That’s not just, and you shall give me for it what you choose. I do it for the sake of your child and for the sake of your wife.”

“Now it is enough,” said father; went to the door and opened it aside. “Get ready, so you may come forth.”



"I go not," said Schmaje. "I let myself not be separated from you. Your father down from heaven does not suffer this; your father was a better man; your brother, Donatus, is a better man; certainly very hard hearted, but still good. . . ."

"And on this account shall I be bad? No, no. If I get my property again I trust no one more, not even you, Schmaje. . . ."

"As far as I care, don't trust me then, but trust me now. There stands your child, your only child, will you let it come to this, that—God save you—your only child standing before the door of strangers and—and I know not what, I will not say it. Child, you also already understand; help me, and help your father."

"Better to die of hunger than to defraud," I have then said. I know not whence these words came, but I have said it.

Schmaje went away, and when we were alone, father sat a long time there silent and laid his fist on the table; at last he said: "The devil has divers messengers; but the Lord God, also, he sends to me that one in order to say to me, You remain honorable and win your suit."

But it is yet to come otherwise; the suit will be lost. Our farm will by the court be sold at auction; the State has bought it, and it is reported, it will be made into a forest.

The auction was pending before the door, and came within. Men from the court, men quite strangers, came on our farm and acted as if they were then at home and not we. One of the bankrupt's said in the sitting room to father: "Your



soldier's discharge no one can take away from you, you keep it; and when they open my wardrobe, you say, 'what is your own belongs to you.' The necklace there stick in your pocket." He gave me the golden chain with my name, and I suppose it burnt me in the hand, but still I put it in my pocket."

And again one day there were men and women out of the whole neighborhood and also from a distance here then. In the room a man then put himself behind the table, before him a light was burning, everything was dragged in, beds and linen, and were sold at auction, and by the auctioneer were knocked off with a hammer on the table.

Bonafacia was coming from below and wished to take me along with her, but I went not away from father. I sat by him on the bench near the stove, and we saw it all. I passed my hands often over my eyes—it must still all be only a dream. But it is true, the strange people are there, our property belongs to them, they carry it away with them and laugh thereat. When the pictures in memory of my dead brothers and sisters were taken down and the crier said, the pictures are worthless but for the frames, then I must have screamed out aloud. As no one had bid for them but Bonafacia, the crier gave them to her, and she said that she would reserve them for me.

Now was the soldier's discharge of father's taken down from the wall. The crier took the paper out and said: "Xander, the discharge belongs to you, but the frame is part of the assets."

Then father stood up, took the writing in his hand, held it over the light, set it on fire, and said:



“There stands his name; so shall one burn the Captain.” Then father went out. I followed, and as I grasped him by the hand, he said: “It is well, it is right, we stay by each other.”

We went no more into the house from out here until all the people were gone. Bonafacia came and invited us to go with her, but father said he goes to his brother's in order, as a servant, to serve him; he is still his brother and yonder his parental house; surely Donatus ought to have come to take him away, but he is not allowed to be proud any more. Bonafacia must go home to her husband. I was with my father alone in our pillaged house—at home among strangers.

#### ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

It was getting late, we took each other by the hand and were going. I said to father, we must now be strong and firm and no more think of the past and look back. He gave me no answer and pressed only my hand, then he let me loose.

The sun went down, the ravens flew out and croaked. “He allowed me to make no complaint,” said father. “No one has a right to do that but you. Oh, I do not like it on your account, rather go begging from house to house, and you can say—this is my father who was at one time a proud, rich farmer, and now is nothing more to be his but begging in the hand. Oh child, so old have I grown, so old, fifty years old was I, and then I have first learned that there are thoroughly bad men in the world.”



I consoled father all I could. Father said only this: "I smoke no more."

We went on, it was a long way to uncle's. Suddenly a sharp wind arose and father called: "Wind, what do you wish from me? Seek the Captain, lift him from the ground, let him struggle, and then tear him into a thousand pieces."

The wind blew father's hat from his head, and he laughed: "Take the head with it." We hunted for the hat but found it not; bareheaded father went along. He would not let me bind a cloth around his head. My heart trembled in my body, and I was glad when we at last saw a light at the house of uncle's.

We came opposite the house, the dogs barked, a window was raised, and uncle asked: "Who is there?"

"It is I. I wish to go into my parental house."

"Your parental house? It is no more yours. But come, for aught I care, only from below."

"You come down and take me."

"There you can wait for a long time."

"Come away, come away . . ." said father to me, and drew me almost around. We again turned down the valley, and he also said: "Say nothing, not a word. There, over yonder, lie my parents—as little as they arise out of their graves and come again into the house, so little I ever again tread over the threshold." We walked and walked, and what kind of thoughts came to me! It now occurred to me, deep down in misery it occurred to me now, how once I was called the princess of Wild Plum Farm—I hear the music at the wedding of my sister and the cavalier's signal, and my sole wish now was only that I could at once take vengeance on my destroyer.



We came at last to our village, and there out of doors we sat until it was day. We counted the hours as they struck from the tower. There lay mother and sister in their graves. Thank God that they have not lived to see this misery. There in the houses now rest the people; there are so many prepared beds, the farmers' wives are proud of them; no one says, come in and warm yourself and rest. None think that there out of doors sit two lost and abandoned persons. Oh, the world is pitiless! No, it has still given people who think of us.

Father said: "I am so cold, I wish I was entirely cold."

Then spoke a voice: "Thank God, that I at last find you." It was the Roadmaster, who, too, came down from the mountain in his old soldier cloak; he quickly took the gentian bottle out of his pocket and said: "There, drink; and now one more draught. Bonifacia has allowed me no rest, I must before day go to you up there to Donatus and see how it goes with you. Indeed, I may not be permitted by Donatus to be . . . But come along home."

We are going with the Roadmaster. Oh, dear God! There is still a place of refuge in the world; good people and warm rooms. The Roadmaster and Bonifacia took us up as if we were still the distinguished people of former days; only a visit of ceremony. Bonifacia made a morning soup and let me help her; she covered the table with a fresh cloth, handed to father the only straw chair there that was in the room; it had become to him unpleasant to allow himself to take the soup of the humble people;



but he constrained himself and ate, and when the first spoon of soup was taken there fell a tear. . . .

This was the last time that he wept, from then and never more. When he had eaten, he wished to tell of his brother Donatus; the Roadmaster supposed he should wait there, but father yielded not after, and asked at the conclusion: "Road master, what say you to that?" The Roadmaster shrugged his shoulders and said: "Yes, that is not right, but you have still shown your brother a bad man. It is for an honorable proud farmer nothing little that he has a brother who, speaking in moderation, has managed his affairs badly." . . .

• Father sighed: "Yes, yes, I must now let me from each give a good lesson. From you I learn it patiently. You think it good."

Father wished, under present circumstances, to be even with the Roadmaster and help to break rock; the Roadmaster again forbade and said, father shall still remember himself. As father said, he has remembered himself, he stands by it. Then the Roadmaster shook his head: "Do it not, now not yet, and I have a particular reason. Do you know what is the worst thing, when a person comes to poverty?" "A bad conscience."

"I have thought something else—illness in addition to poverty. I mean that. Don't allow yourself to become sick, you must now keep well. Go to bed, and afterwards do what you purpose."

Over the face of father there went as it were a bright sunbeam. He allowed himself to be brought by the Roadmaster to bed like a small child, and soon came the Roadmaster into the room and said:



"He sleeps." He went to his business and took the Overseer along, who also lived in the house and was always wishing to play the clarionet.

I searched in my pockets; true, it is so, I had lost the chain that the Captain gave me. I am positive I had put it in my pocket; I have lost it, when I had wished to tie a cloth around father's head. It was so good. I should have no remembrance of the Captain. I wish we could forget him entirely.

At noon father awoke and was quite refreshed; he allowed himself to be given a cap by the Roadmaster, and a heavy hammer, and went with him out on the street and helped him break rock. In the evening father asked: "Roadmaster, tell me all; what the people say and think of me?"

"What does that matter to you? And what the other people say and think, I know not. Be now not sore distressed at God's will."

But you, what think you? Speak all, you mean it for good, from you I learn to be patient."

"I know not whether it would help you. Tell me first to whom do you give the real blame? To yourself, or another?"

"Both." "It is just so. Of course you attribute to yourself only the smaller part. I don't say that you have been simple—on the contrary, too artful. Yes, in one word, the worst devil of all is called unreasonableness. There sits the farmer on his domain like a king and makes business, and why? He has the beautiful country seat of his wife and he is proud, he wishes out of it himself to earn just as much in addition. He has for a long time not confessed that to himself, until a crafty fellow comes and tells him



that, and it is as if he had been awakened out of a sleep."

"Thus it is," spoke father, "whence do you know all these things?" "Whence? The birds on the street piped it to me. From that time on it has been called by you: Gather in, bring home, gain profit. You had supposed no one could twist you over his thumb; you have not been stupid, only just not sharp enough for your comrades, particularly the Captain."

On the street, where father with the coach had driven along, and where our eight horses had hauled wood, there has father now broken rock. At first he surely confessed to me he didn't believe that his brother there would desert him, and also the other large farmers would not do that; they would certainly come and bring him away and again help him up. When day after day passed and no one came, then he said, it is now immaterial; he is only glad that he can still work so much as to furnish plenty to eat for them. It is again come still hard for him to live in poverty. Sunday was always a grief to him, then he must sit in the church, and it was not allowed him to more sit on the aldermen's bench; he stood just by the poor people. When I at one time went home with him—we were now at home in the Roadmaster's small house—he said: "That shall not be, that there is in the church a place of honor; before God we are all equal."

I helped father also break rock, but after a few days he permitted it no more; I didn't allow him to lie under the disgrace that he couldn't support any longer his only child.



## TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bonifacia made everything quite orderly. I had earned so much that we bought in partnership a goat and five hens, and we also owned jointly three geese. And would one believe it? When the men worked out of doors and we were done in the house and sat by each other in the room, then have we sung as if everything in the world was gay and in order.

I brought it about, that my father again smoked to please me, and we were satisfied; I must always make my dresses longer, for in two years at the Roadmaster's I am grown so tall; until then I was small.

In winter of an evening father, with the Roadmaster, made shingles. At one time he raised the knife on high and suddenly said: "This I wish to thrust in the breast of the Captain and twist it seven times." We were badly frightened. Father still thinks thus of the Captain. But we have said nothing more and father also nothing.

One day Ronymus came home on a day furlough, he was a soldier. My father at first gave him his hand and said that he at that time did right to say that to the Captain.

Ronymus was very respectful towards father, and he saw from my looks how I thanked him for it; but he couldn't have been more surprised, how I had grown almost taller than he. "You are just the great farmer's daughter," he said; that was all.

Father was once out on the street, distant a good way from the Roadmaster's; he struck a stone with the large hammer; then old brown smoked timbers



were hauled by. Father asked whence they came. He heard that they yesterday had torn down the barn and to-day would tear down the house on the Wild Plum Farm.

What has come over father, who can know it? He threw the large hammer in the middle of the street and ran away to the Wild Plum Farm.

Father came quite to our house, as the fire hook was placed at the front gable; he sprang through under the fire hook, seized the post of the door of the house and screamed: "My house! my farm! my wife! Captain." . . .

The men threw the hook away and started toward father, but it was too late, the gable fell in, it crashed, there the last scream, and the men screamed also—then all was still, only further a beam rolled over him the other way.

Father was dead. . . .

I have survived it. What all can not one survive?

But I can't tell, how it affected me, when they brought father away on a wood cart. On his head lay an empty sack, on it was the name of father. I wanted to take away the sack, the people held me off and said that I was not allowed to see, that his face was terribly disfigured.

The second day after the funeral, about noon, I became suddenly so weary that I scarcely could drag myself to bed. Bonifacia took me up, as a little child, and lifted me into bed, and there have I slept, as Bonifacia said, without turning myself, from noon on till next morning in one stretch.

Bonifacia did not go away from my bed.



I have awakened, and when I saw the clothing of my father hanging on the wall, then started at last the tears forth, and Bonifacia said: "Yes, only weep. Thank God that you can weep, now all will be well again." Bonifacia wiped my tears dry, but they flowed continually, as if they wished not at all to cease. When I at last said I have such severe hunger, then she was full of rapture.

I stood up, I dressed myself fresh. I ate and drank, and from that time on it is the first that has rightly come over me. I myself must keep up my courage bravely, I must not pine away my life, who knows what may yet happen to me. Yes, from every hour on I have gained a new vital energy and never again lost it, except in one single instance, and that has also passed by.

### THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

My stay with the Roadmaster was no longer.

Out of doors in the world something awaits me—what it is, I do not know, but I must be gone. I listened to no one more, and have nothing besides but myself alone.

This was my thought for many days, and often I have spoken it aloud before me that way, so that Bonifacia asked me: "With whom are you talking?" I wished to be gone and yet did not get away; it was as if one wakes up in the morning and says, you must get up, and still remains lying down. There must something happen that will pull me out.

The landlord of the lonesome public house over there appeared one day and asked, if I didn't wish to



step into service with him ; with a half laugh and half cry he said, his wife would soon die and then I could become the landlady. What I thereupon have said, I do not know further. But when the landlord was gone, Bonifacia said : “ You can again bravely knock them loose. This I have not at all known of you.”

The departure from the Roadmaster's small house hasn't been easy to me. Bonifacia gave me, a part of the way, her company, and out on the street the Roadmaster reached me his hand and said : “ Ask you, only quite without shyness, at the barracks for Ronymus, he can assist you in many things.” He led not further on ; we went forward and heard him soon again breaking rock. We ascended the mountain and Bonifacia said : “ Go now not to the graveyard, you can't help the dead by it, and you need now your strength. Still pray for them, I do it also.” We went on still farther, and above at the forest Bonifacia took my hand in both of her hands, and with sobbing, uttered these words : “ The storm of misfortune has abated, it will yet go well with you. Trust you to that and believe always. You have, if all else fails, still a house with us. And so long as I live, and my husband, we hold the grave of your people in honor, and your part in the goat and in the geese and hens you can have when you wish. God preserve you and keep you in honor.”

She turned around, remained standing, and called once more : “ Give my respects also to Ronymus.” Give my respects to Ronymus ! That was the last that I at that time have heard from Bonifacia, and without wishing it, the words formed themselves into a melody, and yet I wished not at all to sing.



I travelled farther on, I saw nothing of the forest and field, it swam before my eyes. On a rock I set myself down, I was so tired, as if I had already gone an hour's distance. I ate the last piece of bread that Bonifacia had put in my pocket. I have from here looked down on our village. I should like to have gone down there and said to all the people: Do you know it then, truly, that we are not lost children? . . . But what good would that do? They say, yes, they know it; I have thought this also before, but now for the first time experienced it, as certainly as that now it is day, and that has not forsaken me and will not forsake me.

As I thus walked along, before me I heard a wood cart, the wagon came nearer, the driver was Joe, with his red vest and his red face; the horses to the wagon had been ours, the brown timbers were loaded from our house.

Joe called me, with my bundle in my hand, to get in. On the beam from our house I rode to the city.

Joe talked little, and that was direct to me, only once he said: "The farm has been a forest once and will be a forest again." Over there before the bridge, Joe had unloaded. I stepped down and went to the city. There went the people to and fro, each one knowing to what place. I did not. I went into the cathedral, there was I at home like all the others—that belongs to no one, and there could no one put me out. I have there a long time quietly kneeled and sat. I had no prayer-book by me. I didn't need it, it was all in my heart. I came out of the church. I was so out of the world out of doors that it appeared



wonderful to me how there the women at the weekly market sit and offer whatever was for sale.

A heavy wagon with corn sacks came from the warehouse to this side. Who is the man that approaches beside the vehicle? Indeed he it is—it is my brother-in-law, the husband of my sister. I called him; he stood still and looked about him. I beckoned to him and sprang away over the baskets, and now I stood by him and he gave me his hand.

#### FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

“If I had been able to meet with you a hundred times I had never known you, you are so entirely different, so large and so . . . but new eyes you still have not gotten, and I mean you have never had such eyes.”

So said the brother-in-law and can not at all recover himself from his surprise. He had always been a good, honest man; for that which has happened afterwards he is not to blame, he has meant it for good.

I now asked, naturally, at first after my sister's child, Agnes. The brother-in-law must have seen in my looks how pleased I was that I still had a relative.

He said: “Tell me nothing more, I know it all. Shake hands and go with me. My wife—you will indeed see her yourself. She is kind—she has even said, when we have heard the misfortune, you shall take your sister-in-law now to us at home; you go also along?”

Yes! Oh how glorious was that! Already now



have I loved the wife, and I must say she has deserved it.

In the public house, where I ate with my brother-in-law, he said: "Brigitta, I have also a gold piece lost by your father—it is nothing to you; he has been for all that a righteous man. Now be merry. It will please you to be with us, and Agnes has lost one mother and now she has the second.

I have traveled with my brother-in-law, and on the way I have seen that the brother-in-law in Switzerland is entirely a different man, so bright and dextrous.

We came to a field on the Rhine, and the wife, as she welcomed me, said: "You resemble your father in the face and in the posture, only you have different eyes;"—people have always had something to say about my eyes—"your father was dear to us and worthy, he must have sorely suffered for that he had held himself for a man of business and yet he was not. But a straight fine man he was.

Oh, then am I at home, there shall be no work too hard for me, where thus it will be said of my father. Besides she has not used many words, that is just the manner of the Swiss, but upright and good she has been, one day with another.

When Agnes came home from school, the wife said to her: "Give a hand shake, that is your aunt."

But the child is not coming to me, the wife will become cross over it, but I spoke to her quietly:

"Take that not badly of the child. What good does it do such a child, if one says to it, that there is your aunt, do you love her? It will soon appear if I prove to her my love."



As I said that, the wife gave me again her hand, and said: "Indeed, it is so. The child will soon notice that you are related by blood."

The wife and I, we have become the best friends, from the first hour on.

Two and one half years I have been at my brother-in-law's, then I took employment, above there in Hayden, in the public house of the Freehold Inn. I have taken the management of the annex for the accommodation of guests, and have had all under me.

#### FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

I was now a real servant for the first time, for at my brother-in-law's I had also served well, but I was still the sister-in-law. I had many guests, individuals and whole families; but it was said, that right living comes first when the great Berlin doctor arrives. A crowd of patients with sore eyes had settled themselves by us, in the village and far around in the neighborhood, and were waiting for him.

He has come, and when I saw him for the first time, then have I discovered that was the luck that had hovered over me. I arranged for him a bouquet in his room. I had willingly strewn flowers for him wherever he goes.

And thus as in the first minute, so it has continued. He has certainly also perceived how I feel toward him.

I brought him water, I had for him with pleasure washed the feet that carried him.

"What is your name?" he asked me. Oh, what a voice he has!



"Brigitta," I said, but they call me only Gitta, and I pray you to say Du (thou).

"Are you a relative of the house?"

"No, I am from the black forest?"

"Have you still parents?" "No."

"Have you brothers and sisters?" "No."

I must look upon him only as he thus inquired. I suppose he must know all, that nothing be kept secret in the world. The doctor has a look, so sacredly sad, I can not describe it. Where he came, already was there healing with it, that he was present, and with his voice has he soothed pain; the wildest and most impatient have become before him mild and gentle.

From all quarters came pilgrims other than there over in Einsiedeln. There came men, women and children, poor and rich, to him all were alike.

He was yet to come to us up there, in order to rest himself, but the people allowed such a man no rest. When he went walking, I have thanked God that he is yet allowed now to be himself once by himself; but everywhere they have laid in wait for him and are running after him, and he never becomes indignant.

And such a man must have also to die.

There above in my room hangs his picture with his signature. Yes, but what will such a picture mean? The picture, and now even the tone of his voice, can no one bring out on paper. Among those who were waiting for the great doctor, was also an English woman from India, with a very beautiful child, named Seridja; she had golden red hair and a face like milk and blood, but was a genuine devil, she



had her pleasure in worrying the people. The child was blind, and whoever came near her she abused; the mother has vexed her as a servant, and the servant as a dog.

The doctor examined now for the first time Seridja, and she has screamed and struck about herself as a demoniac; she was the only one that did not grow quiet under his hand and before his voice. He has sent off the mother with the child and has said, before a year there can nothing be done for her.

I stood one day before the house, arranging the washing, and sang low before me, then something alarmed me. I heard the doctor's voice below there at the main building. I went on the veranda, there stood the doctor at a loaded wagon, and said: "Have patience, Mr. Baron, there can't be anything settled or attempted yet."

In the wagon sat a man and woman, who were they? The Captain and his wife. I must hold myself on to the railing. The postillion blew, the wagon drove away, very near at passing me. I have not deceived myself, it is correct, it is the Captain and his wife.

Dear God! Do not afflict me in this way, that you send to me this man once more before my eyes.

Thus have I before me thought of, and now I heard, the voice of Bonifacia. I supposed it was not true, but it is true. Bonifacia was there, with the Roadmaster, who had one eye bound up; it was for him a small fragment of stone driven into his eye, and he suffered great pain. I said to him, that if any one in the world can help him, it was the great doctor. Bonifacia said, that I mean Ronymus also.



Ronymus has served out his term as a soldier and is now a porter in Basle; there the great doctor had been over night, and there has Ronymus sent home money; with it his father travelled here. "He is, indeed, a good child," said Bonifacia, "and how will he firstly enjoy himself, that we have met you here."

How we have enjoyed ourselves with one another, that I need not tell. It lightened my heart, that I had my dearest friends thus by, to whom I can report that I have seen the Captain, but by good fortune for only a moment.

#### SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

I went to the doctor and told him that my best friend from home was here and seeking a cure by him.

The doctor declared himself now ready and said: "I trust to you for the courage and the calmness to assist in the operation; will you be on hand?"

I said yes, and bring the Roadmaster here. The doctor examined him and said: the operation will not be easy, but he has hope; the Roadmaster shall rest himself till to-morrow, then he will undertake it, at eleven o'clock sharp.

We missed, of course, not a second. A young doctor was also there as assistant. Of the preparation I will not speak; the Roadmaster was patient and submissive, and Bonifacia kneeled in one corner on the floor and prayed. The Roadmaster said, it is not necessary that they bind him in the chair, he would hold himself still; but he let it also appear quiet, that they still bind him.



The doctor was quite composed, but I saw from the assistant's looks that it stood badly.

The doctor cut, then must I quickly hand him another instrument, and now he called: "I have the splinter!" The Roadmaster wished to spring up, he cried out: "I see!" But we held him, he must close his eye, and I helped to apply the bandage. How shone the face of the doctor. I must take Bonifacia out of the room, for she wept so loudly. I came again into the room and the doctor handed me in a paper the small chip of stone, and said at the same time: "Preserve this in memory of your first help at an operation. I hope you'll remain here. You have a firm, safe hand." I must have restrained myself that I didn't shout for joy. I—I allowed to help—to heal the sick.

Bonifacia asked me to give her the chip of stone. Ronymus must set it in gold to keep for remembrance. I gave her the chip of stone, and I believe the doctor will say that is right.

In the house and in the village there was united great joy by all the sufferers over the wonderful cure of the Roadmaster. Bonifacia told it to everyone who wished to hear it. The Roadmaster remained yet three days with us. The doctor taught me to apply and take off bandages, and when he said, I do it right—if our Lord God from heaven were to come down and had praised me, I could not have been happier.

The Roadmaster and Bonifacia must have told the doctor of what family I came, for he said to me: "I have been able to think that you are descended out of an honest house and from righteous parents."



After the cure of the Roadmaster I was at each operation and kept everything in good preparation.

One day a pupil of the doctor came from Zurich, to assist at an operation, and made himself also such a one for the satisfaction of his teacher, who held him very dear.

The doctor once said in my presence: "Dear Colleague, Brigitta is a good assistant, her charities are to be valued on the line in addition. You shall take her to your institute."

The Zurich Professor asked if I was willing to go. I accepted, but not until autumn, when we had no guests more. And so I am in the fall away from Hayden and to the Professor at Zurich.

#### SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

The way the Professor introduced me as his wife and servant of the people, shows how he considered me. He has trusted everything to me, and I have not abused his confidence, till at one time.

One special pleasure was mine, that the dog in the house—I will yet have much to say of him, his name is Rack—so considered himself equal to me from the first minute on. At the beginning it was to me as if I were enchanted in a subterranean castle, as one appears in the fable. There are so many people and so charmed, they are not able themselves to do the smallest thing; there are so many dark rooms, that one thinks the whole world is sick.

But I have yet found myself quickly therein, and the patients were pleased to have me.

When in the morning I looked out of the window,



before me was lying the lake, there stood the Alps, so broad and so grand, and the small globe—the eye that can take in all, mountains and valleys, that are still a million times larger—then have I first rightly understood, when the sick solemnly vow, never more to complain over anything, if they only for the first time again have sound eyes.

Every morning have I thanked God that I have my sound limbs and my good eyes, with these I can stand by the rest.

I am allowed to say I have never grown impatient or very bad, except this one time, I must indeed yet speak of it; the patients have felt well, as I am to them not always alike, each one just after his understanding, and many have done more for me than I for them.

One day our Professor said to me, I must for one time leave the institution, the English woman from India, whom I have already seen at Hayden, was coming with her child; that the child had been badly operated on and was still worse than ever. The operation will be performed not in the house, but in the Hotel Bauer at the lake; and the period of healing must be watched over there. I went not willingly away from the house. I could for myself not at all think that I ever shall be away from there; but I am only a soldier, who will be sent out to his post. I drifted also down to the hotel, and who stood below the yard gate and had a large green apron on? Ronymus. He winked at me only with his eyes, further he gave no sign that he knew me.

The English lady lives high above, I was already announced.



Ronymus shoved one other porter away, took my trunk on his shoulder, dragged it to the elevator, with it one drove off, and said: "You only step herein."

I followed him, he stepped in too, the machine gurgled, it went to the top; in the small room, he stepped out, struck a light as at night. It was to me as if I was enchanted.

"Have you known me at once," asked Ronymus.

"Yes." "But we will before the people not let it be known that we know each other. Say, have you known that I was here?"

"No." "But I knew that you were here; I have written it to my parents. I was aware of it already for a long time, but I have wished not to bring you into any inconvenience. Shall I say that I have been a servant of your father? I have feared I betray myself; I should say, I betray you—"

The good man can no further, and it went like a flash of lightning through all my limbs: Ronymus has liked you.

No, the faithful soul shall not be unhappy through me.

I believe that yet, though in addition to the yeoman's pride I was also accustomed to finer things.

I said: "I am willingly in the institution, and I remain there my life long."

"Yes, yes," he said, "I will also say to you further, I know what you have done for my mother and father. Your shoes, I didn't let my porter clean them, I cleaned them for you every day myself; I am willing for you to put my hands under your feet. Be not so astonished at me. Be joyful, you have a man about you. . . . Be still! there comes somebody.



... Have you any further orders?" He closed suddenly with quite a different tone, the rascal.

Our Professor came and Ronymus went away. The Professor must still have noticed something, for he said: "Gitta, you appear so perplexed. Is it so severe to you out of the institute to go away? Be only quiet, it will indeed please you, and you have here much more spare time. But I wish to-day not to have you as assistant. Let's feel your pulse once. Indeed, you have a fever."

Our Professor declared to me now, I had a peculiarly hard task, to make the redhaired child quiet; that she is a little devil, whom we indeed chloroform, but in this excitement can not cure. "You know, of course, Seridja of Hayden still here."

The Professor took me now to the child, and said: "Here, Seridja, here have I brought you a good friend."

As I came near the child it screamed, as if it stuck on a spear, and as I bent myself low down, it wished to pull my hair, and struck me with both fists in the face.

"Come, now, child, you haven't wished to strike me?" I said. "Come, now, have you severe pains, that make you so bad? You have wished to strike the pains."

As I said that, the child screamed: "Go away, go away. I wish you not. No, stay there, stay now. What is your name, then?" "Gitta."

"Gitta! Gitta! Gitta! That is droll. Come, give me your hand. I do nothing to you; indeed my pains are bad, so bad."

I gave it my hand and it caressed it.



The mother and the Professor looked at each other, and what they thought, I also think: the child is conquered, that I gained by the hand.

#### EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

We were able to chloroform Seridja, and the operation went easy and regular. When she again awoke, I requested her not to talk and not to exercise herself."

I had only to do this in order to quiet the mother; she was quite outside of herself, and had fear, and wished to bring the child to speech. All has become right.

The child was so changed, and has helped me to quiet mother, who wished always to kiss and hug it. She wept for joy, and I had the greatest fear that she make the child also weep; but it held itself brave.

We accustomed the child gradually to the light, and the tears have come in my eyes when the child said: "I see you, mother; I see you, Gitta."

We are allowed for the first time to go out with each other to the lake. It was a cloudy day; no sun in the sky. Seridja kissed her hand to me, then she said: "Look, how Rack enjoys himself; he wishes certainly also with pleasure, to tell how he enjoys himself, that I can see. Oh! the trees, and the water, and the people, and the houses, and the ships . . . ."

I have Seridja naturally repressed so much as possible. She was also still, but after a mile, she called again: "Oh, so broad! so broad! How is the



world so broad and the sky so high! But I guess I can touch it."

I am back again in the institute.

The mother and Seridja soon left the hotel, and are living modestly in a country home at the lake. They are waiting for the father, who shall come from India; they wait for a long time in vain, also the remittance didn't come.

Ronymus was now the protector of the mother and daughter, and stood by them in every way; he has indeed had a profit thereby. One day he came to me and said: "The English lady has given me a present that I shall pledge in the pawn office. I go also to that place and inquire what it is worth; it is worth much, nothing so much in all Switzerland. The pawn office advances only the third of the value of the pledge. I think you can do that too, and if the pledge is not redeemed, you have threefold value and high interest in each case."

I must confess I had satisfaction in Ronymus; he was more than I have supposed; but I wished to know nothing more of money making. I have suffered enough of that.

The father has come from India and has departed with his wife and daughter. Ronymus came and reported to me what a fortune he has made; the Englishman has paid him all cash and given a good piece of gold in addition.

"Really," he said, and looked at me so curiously at that. "Truly, I must deliver to you half, for that I have become so well acquainted with the English lady, I thank you. But suppose we let the two



halves be together and have them in partnership?"

I understood well what he meant, but I said nothing further.

A few days after that I met Ronymus, and he said to me: "The money now will soon suffice. I carry on business here not very long. Schmaje is looking for us a suitable public house, with fields and pastures, and also a bit of forest in addition. There we have then everything." "Who is we?"

Ronymus looked at the floor and breathed hard, then he said: "Ha, my father and I. Alas, alas! my mother has not lived to see it more—"

He soon stopped; he noticed how it hurt me, that I now thus came to know this, then he said: "She died easy, and yet in the last hour she has thought of you; but I can not now tell it to you."

I went home to our institute; to me the road up the mountain was never yet so severe as this; it can be well that I, in advance, have experienced what just now happened.

Also Bonifacia, the faithful soul, dead! How lives the Roadmaster, and how does it appear there in the small house? As I thus think, I see the leaves falling from the trees, and each fall day, when I for the first time met with Captain, is brought to my remembrance. Why comes this ever again? . . .

We had also a famous Professor of Astronomy, who, in his vocation, had injured his eye-sight. He was in my especial care, and our Professor said, he will be cured. He was a very dear, patient old gentleman; he received many visitors from all around here, all fine men and women, and all thanked me for my good nursing.



Oh, dear God! There are so many good people in the world—why has such a thoroughly bad man come to my parents on the farm and must destroy us?

The Astronomer has been discharged cured. One enjoys himself, however, when the sick leave us well, but the departure of such good, fine men, still pains us.

The room of the astronomer will be arranged new, and yet it will take two in addition; it is said, we get a famous and exacting patient, and I was to be assigned to his especial service.

Why was it now so dreadful to me?

What has tortured me as a bad omen, has become true. The Captain has come.

#### NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

At noon a carriage drove up in front. I looked out the window; a large portly man was lifted out of the carriage. I suppose I must rush out of the window. I mean, I must fall backward! Oh, dear God! That is indeed the Captain! And him shall I take care of and serve him? No, that I'll not do. I stay not in the house with that man, I remain not under the same roof.

He will be carried up; he walks about heavily in the next room. I hear his voice. I have not deceived myself, it is he.

Our Professor opened the middle door and said to me: "Come in here." I know not, whence I had the strength to go into another room. There sat the Captain with bandaged eyes, in an easy chair, and had his hands folded on each other.

The Professor said: "This is your new patient. I



know you are forbearing; be very particular with this gentleman."

I could not at once bring forth a yes, it strangled me.

The Captain asked: "What is the name?"

I didn't speak out the name, and the Professor said: "She will be called Gitta. Why are you so staring? You are yet besides—"

The Captain interrupted him and asked: "Is she old or young?" "Young." "Where does she stand?"

I could not from the place. The Professor said to me: "Why are you suddenly so childish?"

Childish, he said—I suppose I must scream out and say: I am the child of him who, through this man, was ruined and chased to his death.

But I spoke no word out, and the Captain said: "Step nearer! Come here!"

It sounded haughtily; he took off his glove, stretched out his hand, and the Professor conveyed me on his arm to him.

I must give the robber, the murderer, my hand. He said: "Why do you tremble? You have nothing to fear from me—I am a poor, forsaken blind man."

Thereat he sobbed, until his heart seemed breaking. I had no sympathy for him, doubling up for me both hands themselves, I had willingly still with both fists struck him on the breast and at the same time called to him: You robber of my father? You murderer of my father!

The new assistant came near; he had only recently come to us; he had been a military physician in Germany. Both the physicians sent me away; they now again took up an examination.



There now I stood outside on the floor, and the thought again came to me, I stay in the house not an hour longer, I can not. I say to our Professor, Why must I go away? And he shall not cure the disfigured man, who shall see no more trees, no flowers, no human face; blind shall they bury him alive in the grave. . . .

Our Professor came out and said to me: "Your new patient is just the opposite of the Astronomer, who was pure good-heartedness; this one is full of spite and venom at the world, because this suffering has come over him.

Yes, child, we are not allowed to ask, whether one is good or bad; we only know he is sick, and we must help as much as we can. Your new patient is wicked, so must he be treated just so much the more good naturedly; I have that confidence in you, that you can do it."

He went with the assistant down stairs, and I heard further how the assistant said: "Don't mention to this man my name. I know him of old." "So? Then you must tell me of him. He was notoriously an outrageous man, I have also come to know that myself. I have really wished not to take him into the house, and yet I have done it."

He named in Latin a disease. The steps kept back the two men. I stood on the balustrade, and must hold myself fast to it, I was so giddy. Now again came over me: One can not constrain himself to love his enemy, but one can compel himself to help him and to do good to him. This must I. This can I. This will I do.

I went in the room, the Captain stood at the win-



dow, he turned himself around and asked: "Is that you, Schaller?" My heart trembled. Does Schaller thus come too? He will know me. I said that it is I, and he replied: "Go! No, stay. Say, what does one see out of the window here?" I said that at this window stands a high forest, there one sees not much, but from the other window one views the lake and the Alps.

"You have a singular voice," he said. "Are you a Swiss?"

He waited not till I could answer, and asked again: "Whence comes this music that one now hears?"

"From the steamer on the lake. The wind often carries the sound here from below." "So? The world is merry. They ride with music on the lake. Now go. Only this yet: Betray me not. I notice everything. Now go."

I went into an adjoining room and was glad that I could seat myself.

Must I not tell the Professor what the Captain has done to us at home? No, I endure it better still . . . But to Ronymus must I still say, what has been enjoined on me? No, not even to him. I will keep it all to myself. . . .

The Captain whistled in the next room, he whistled most beautifully a whole piece of music.

I stood in another room at the window and looked out. There was the sky, and earth, and water, like pure red gold. I turned myself back, I know not why.

There hung on the wall the picture of the great doctor of Berlin, and I must think: Oh, thou! perhaps thou hast also once an enemy to you, certainly have you also cured bad men. You have wished



nothing but to help. I can not do what you can, but what I am able to do, that I will do.

As I thus thought this, it appeared to me as if he smiled on me. Indeed, it was marvellous. The next day our Professor told me he had received the news that yesterday evening at sunset the great doctor of Berlin had died. And at the same hour I had thought of him, and he must have been, in the dying hour, impressed by the many people he had restored to health.

#### TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

The next day the Captain was changed and so was I. When I, at awakening, thought thereon whom I have to take care of, I again thought, I can not do it and am not allowed to; I can also be no faithful nurse of a man whom I cursed into the ground and earth. I have until now done my duty, now must I become unfaithful to my duty. I must say this to the Professor. And again I thought, what does it concern you, who the sick one is? And he is truly punished; one must still have pity on him, and he is indeed doubly wretched, blind with a bad conscience.

The Captain called me and asked if it was already day, and then he said he had been bad and impetuous yesterday; one should not blame him for it, he suffered sharp pains, and besides such that one can cure with no instruments, however fine.

It stands truly written: Love your enemy! But that one cannot; let no one say to me that a person can do that, the verse must not be so understood.



Do good to your enemy, one can do that, but no one shall tell me that that is easy.

If your enemy is destitute give him money and help him on, that you can. You give of your property here and remain for yourself what you are. But watch every hour, have patience, and kindly exhort and comfort; I know what that is, and who has not proved it himself, knows it not and is not allowed to speak thereof.

Indeed, I have experienced it, that I become unfaithful and must have, as they say, taken my heart in both hands in order to come again to myself and in order not to fly out against the destroyer of my father and myself. But now I have still wished to say to the Professor, I can not nurse this man.

I stood already before the door of the Professor, there I stood still and said to myself: No, I know myself, what I will and what I must, and I will prove it.

I turned back and did my duty. And I have done my duty as if this were a man of whom I know nothing further than that he is sick. I have done my duty to the end--no, only till one step before the end. It grows hard on me, but I must tell all. . . .

The Captain wished to know of the Professor if the cure be certain. He asked very often. The Professor again said: "Ask you nothing further. What I have to say to you, I will indeed bring forward before yourself; and you are truly a man--"

"And a soldier, who looked danger in the face. I am strong. You promise me that you will not chloroform me."

That I'll not do. I repeat again to you, the oper-



ation is in my hands, the possible cure in yours. As long as you are so impetuous and excited, I'll not operate on you. You must in advance learn to be quiet and patient, in order to practice it afterwards. So you show your courage by patience and submission."

I had heard the Professor as yet with no patient speak so sharply as with the Captain. He has known why. One day I was called out on the vestibule, and who stood there and trembled in his whole body and could for a long time speak not a word? Ronymus.

At last he said: "I have learned that the Captain is here in your establishment. The Captain is bad, but there must have been, besides, one worse, in order to give him the reward. The wife whom God has sent—he can also send a devil—she has left him and has taken along much money, and is with one other away. And what still is this gaiety, he thinks still always of her and desires to have her again. I will tell it only to you, when the Captain again comes out I will show him who I am."

"With what?" "He must give up what he has robbed your father of, and you, the princess of the Wild Plum Farm, shall not be a domestic servant."

"Leave that with the princess. Let you say in earnest: when the Captain also delivers up all, can he make my father alive again?"

"No, that he can not. But the money—"

"To that one can not compel him." "May be, but you give me information when he goes away, and he shall then experience what these are able to do."

He doubled both fists, but he laughed when I ex-



plained it to him and exacted of him this promise, to trouble himself no further about the Captain.

“Have you already seen him?” he asked me. I said quickly, I had speed. I could not now still say to Ronymus, that it was just laid on me, to care for the wretched.

When I was again alone, I had the feeling as if some one held his hand over me, I am safe and sheltered, I have a man at the post, whom I can call on as one's own brother.

I still had many here who were good to me, but such a faithful man among the youth, that is after all something else, there placed his love therein for everything connected with home. That I indeed at that time would have willingly had Ronymus, as a wife the husband, that I can not say. I see truly how it is in him, but in me it is not. When the Captain is again away, then I have overcome this difficulty, all else will become easy to me, and I remain here all my life long. Ronymus, the good soul, will also become reconciled to it. It is hard, but it must be.

#### TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

The Captain has desired that they set the day for him, and the Professor has consented to it. When the Captain awoke early, he called me and asked: “Is it already day?” “It dawns.”

“Also to-day it is decided whether I ever yet see day or whether everlasting night.”

He wished to eat, and when I told him he is allowed to eat nothing in advance, he laughed out loud.

“So one must learn also to fast.” Then he lay



over for a long time quiet, and at last he said, before himself: "I have an easy conscience. . . . Why do you mean?" He screamed out suddenly. I had to suppress it, calling out to him: "You robber and murderer! How can you speak of a quiet conscience?"

The Captain will go down, he lets everything happen to himself without a murmur. Our Professor has chloroformed him, and when I saw him lying there so lifeless, it touched me for all that; but now one is allowed to think nothing of any one else, I must give everything in the hand and take out of the hand.

"When do you begin?" asked the Captain, with a weak voice.

"It is over, and now only rest, perfect rest," said the Professor to him. "Is Gitta here? Give me your hand, Gitta," the Captain said, with a wonderfully soft voice. I gave him my hand and can say, I have wished him with my whole heart a perfect cure. All hate and all anger had gone out of my soul. Yes, he shall receive his sight and again do good. Truly, he can never more bring my father back to life. But I now am not permitted to think of that.

The Captain now spoke with great gratitude thereof, how skilful and easy the doctor has done everything. I can talk to him in comparison of the great doctor of Berlin, from whom he has learned it.

I, in my simplicity, told further of the great doctor, and unburdened my whole heart. In the midst of it I perceived that it was unpleasant to say this to



this man; but I have still spoken out, as if it must be.

In the midst of it I have also thought: when he hears what there is for a holy man, he will turn himself about in his soul and go another way.

It is always well if the first bandage can remain for a long time; but now it must soon be taken off, and when the Professor did that, he said to me, I can hereafter do it indeed alone. He said this to me quite differently than before.

One day, when I had just applied a fresh bandage, the house steward brought Schaller, and with him came also a discharged district forester.

The Captain called to the district forester: "You go away! You smell of wine." The Captain may not smell the wine, because he is not allowed to drink. Schaller laughed, seated himself in a large chair, unbuttoned his vest, and said: "Now, noble knight, am I not a capital fellow? Keep I not my word? Ha? What?"

He attaches to everything a ha, a what, that one must answer him. The Captain requested Schaller, he might inquire of the Professor how it stands, for he himself says nothing to him. Schaller exhorted his companion to patience, and used words like a priest.

Now Schaller told of the profit and loss and the pending law suit; then came anecdotes; these I didn't understand, but they laughed with each other so immoderately that I must step near and say, that patients are not allowed to laugh so violently, that is very injurious, they must be more quiet.

Who knows whether the pack of thieves have not



yet discovered something as to who I am; these two strangers noticed me so surprised, and the Captain said: "Good, we will be more quiet. Yes, Schaller, be more quiet. Stay there, Gitta, we will be more quiet."

And then they talked with each other, I looked out to the heavens, and must think: Dear God, you must know why you let your sun shine also over these men, and you must know why you have given them understanding, that they can plunder their fellow men.

I heard scarcely any more over there, and I shuddered, as if I must be in hell by them, when the scoundrels told each other their bad deeds.

I heard talk of Aussichtler, I came to know his history now exactly.

The man who then made house clocks lived very happily on the lonely hill with his wonderfully beautiful wife. Schaller had waylaid his wife. The husband came up, as Schaller wished to embrace his wife, and husband and wife have given Schaller a good sound thrashing.

But what did Schaller? He has said he will punish the husband, indeed, more severely than can all the Courts of Justice. He has sent, men and women—also the Captain has lent himself to it—they have humbugged the man; his house has the most beautiful location in the whole country, the magnificent view, and the best atmosphere; there must one build a castle. The simple man believed this, and has on that account become entirely foolish, and his wife has died in wretchedness.

I must again look up to heaven. Why comes no



fiery punishment down from heaven to scourge these men?

I wish to hear nothing more. But hush! Now they talk of my father.

I still know that they have sent him to the earth, but how—then I came to know just how.

They have first caught him with his soldier's pride, and then they have persuaded him he was one of the most intelligent men—a sly, knowing fellow—and even this, that he acted so straight along, as if he were entirely simple, that would be the most intelligent. Now have they let him make a special profit, then lose a good part thereof, then gain a still greater, and then have they had him fast.

Alas! why shall I tell this to everybody? I myself scarce know it further. Only this besides.

It was so, as Schmaje had at that time said: Schaller had allowed himself to be cheated by father, and this had caught him.

That they had ruined my father, is hard; but that they have also brought him to cheating that is still the hardest. And the Captain laughed besides, over the stratagem.

Now spoke the district forester: "There shall truly still be a child of Xander there. Does one not know what will be the outcome to it?"

Schaller said he has heard the girl is at her brother-in-law's in Switzerland, and is said to have grown very lovely.

"When I am well again, I seek her out," said the Captain.

The men are gone away. Now it is enough, I can nothing further.



I was firmly resolved, I remain not a minute longer by the Captain, I go to the Professor and tell him all.

As I stopped still, and thus so thought, the Captain called pitiably with all his might after me.

I can not otherwise, I go in.

## TWENTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

The Captain stands erect in the middle of the room and screamed: "Gitta! Gitta! where are you?"

"I am here."

"It sticks like a thousand needles. Hurry, loosen for me the bandage."

He seated himself. I stand before him. I can no word bring forth, it chokes me in the throat, but I loosen the bandage, and he says: "When I am well you get a large present from me." "I accept nothing from you, certainly not from you."

"From me not? Why not? Not from me?"

"My mother in heaven has had it right, a person can choke one with a golden chain." "What say you? What shall this be called?"

"I will say it to you, I am the daughter of Xander."

I held the bandage in my hand; he screamed and struck at me viciously; I screamed, and the dog plunged at the Captain fiercely. I tore the bandage from him: "There, see me, me first."

He screamed: "Blind! Blind! Xander!" and fell on the floor.

I let him lie and ran off, whither I do not know.



I heard still behind me screaming—"Xander! Xander!"

I ran down stairs and concealed myself first in the wood shed. Whither will I? I know not. "Blind! Blind! Xander! Xander!" it cried out of every stone in the wall. What is to happen? What have I done! I have taken revenge, I have blinded the enemy. I lie on my knees, and it is to me as if I were hurled into a deep ravine, and below me the water utters a gurgling sound, and the rocks above me begin to roll.

I hear running and calling in the house. Yes, it is all over with me. Effaced are all the charitable deeds of many years. I have done worse than murder. I am allowed to live no more. I knew the way out from the wood shed on the street. I pulled the door open and ran out.

There below is the lake. Into the lake with you, you murderess, you more than murderess! I run down the street. At the electric clock I stopped to catch my breath. It is five o'clock, my last hour.

As I am thus running along, a man held me up, and said: "I am glad that I see you again, Gitta. But why do you appear so lost at that? What ails you? Can I help you with something?"

It is the Professor of Astronomy? He holds me fast by the arm. I will tear myself loose, but he says: "Child, good child,"—Oh, how that touches me!—"Good child, think, I am your father."

"My father! my father! I have taken revenge for him."

"What do you say?" "Let me loose."

"Child, I am old. Let me not wrestle on the



street with you. Look, the people are gazing at us."

"What have the people to do with me?"

"You do me wrong. I am not strong enough."

"I will not do you wrong. Fare you well."

I tore myself loose and ran away, first down in the plain—I stood still. There go now on Sunday so many people, men and women, walking for pleasure. I will not destroy their pleasure; if I jump into the water here some one will draw me out again; no, yonder at the quay, there I will jump over the railing when the ship starts, and the waves shall bury me instantly.

There abroad shine the white houses and the green vineyards, bright sails swim up the lake, pleasure seekers let themselves be driven hither and thither. I see all this and think quite differently, I am at entirely another place. I am yonder in the pruned forest on that night with my father. We sit in front of the village, till the day dawns, and freeze . . . . Then have I wished for me to take revenge; now I have taken it—now it is enough, finished, all over with my life. . . .

I come off the bridge to the quay; there called to me Ronymus, opposite: "That is fine that you are also once more free. I must only again on the ship. Be so good and hold for me this hand satchel, there is large valuables therein. I come instantly back." He is gone and I have the satchel in my hand. I stand there and see how the ship pushes off; on it are so many people in Sunday attire and playing gay music. Yonder are there also people who have to do that what you have to do.



Away with you, you eye murderess! The waves slap at the shore—why jump I not into the waves? What matters it to me the satchel with the valuables in it? What matters to me the whole world? To whom belongs the gold and silver, and the forests, and fields, and houses in the world? They shall quarrel among themselves about that when I am dead. . . .

I see Ronymus coming, and now it strikes me like lightning in the soul. To die—that is nothing. No, you have wished he shall again do good, the *bad man*—and you? You wish to run away? No, you must go back and repent and you must do good. . . .

I throw the satchel down to Ronymus and run back to the establishment. I must pass through so many people, who come meeting me, as if I through the waves in the lake must make my way.

#### TWENTY-THIRD CHAPTER.

When I entered the house, I let myself report to the Professor. He let me say I shall wait in the operation room. I must there a long time still wait.

At last the Professor rang a bell, that I should go to him. He sat at the desk and was writing. Without looking at me, he said: "Seat yourself." He wrote on. At last he turned around and said: "I have known it, that you would come again, and haven't searched for you. We are allowed to make no sensation, the honor of the institution required this."

I brought at length these words forth: "Yes, I have offended not only this man, I have wronged



your whole house. Am I allowed now to inquire how does it fare with the Captain?"

The Professor took off his glasses, breathed on them, wiped them, put them on again, and spoke with a voice that was quite strange to me: "Yes, well, you are allowed to ask. He has bled severely, but is doing quite well."

"And is he blind?" "Yes." "And remains so?" "Yes."

It was to me then I can't breathe more, no more open my eyes. I composed myself and related how everything occurred. The Professor remained again still for a long time, without noticing me, and finally said: "It was wrong of you, that already so long you have not told me what the Captain did to you. But undutiful, it is still cruel, what you wished to do. Now I have this confidence in you, that you obey my orders."

"All, all. What shall I do."

Chiefly nothing at all. Go to your room, don't leave until I call you. I trust myself to you, that you without my knowledge undertake nothing. Go to your room, lock it, and open to no one but me. Or better, I lock you up in the same. Give me your hand, that you keep yourself quiet."

I gave him my hand, and his otherwise so quiet strong hand trembled.

He accompanied me to my room and locked up behind me. There sat I now a captive. I opened, I know not why, my trunk. There was my savings, my clothing, and there lay the amulet.

"Oh mother! mother! how hast thou suspected it."

I sat for a long time on my trunk; I was in



thoughts by the dead, out of doors from real life.

It eased my heart that I at last could weep.

From the city up rang the evening bells; now turn the people homeward from the Sunday promenade to enjoy themselves with the rest of the night and at their work in the morning, and I, what will become of me? I come before the Court, and must I atone for lasting years?

A prisoner turns the words that have been said to him a hundred times over. The Professor has distinctly said he wished to make no sensation, the honor of the house required it—he would not turn me over to the Court; but what will happen to me? How will I be punished? I will bear it patiently and repent. . . .

But why has the Professor said: What do you wish to do? Wish? Have I not then to do it? I then only dream that I do it. And has he not said, he is forever blind? What will Ronymus say? Alas, the good Ronymus, the faithful soul, it will break his heart that I am thus situated, no one in the world has so loved me as he. And now, in the midst of my distress, it is shown me that I have also loved him, loved from my heart; now I must weep, on his account as well as mine. I have forbidden him that he should do anything to the Captain, and already I have done it myself and so shocking. I must have screamed aloud for compassion. And there below lies the Captain and comes no more of a night from within. Suddenly it comes to me, as if it had come day. Yes, so it is, so must it be.

I promised myself that I would never leave the Captain, so long as he lives; I nurse him as if he



were my father, and I will thank God if nothing further will be laid on me. I raised up the window.

A shooting star flew in the heavens, as if a token were given me that my offering was accepted. God be praised and thanked I can still do good. . . .

I lay myself down; I feel terribly hungry, but in the room there is nothing but water; I drink, and must wonder why I would wish to kill myself. No, no, I still live and will yet live to do good. I was asleep and first woke up, when there was a knocking at my room.

#### TWENTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Professor was there and said: "I know you have passed a bitter night; you have in a single night suffered seven years in prison. You have deserved it. But now I can comfort you, you have not blinded the Captain."

"What say you. So he is also sound and seeing?"

"Let me calmly speak freely. I had previously little hope. I have in the meantime still further believed in a possibility of a cure, but forthwith after the operation it was decided. So do you cheer up. By me you can remain, as you yourself will examine nothing more henceforth. But you shall not be cast out. You stay, till something else is discovered for you."

Oh! If a lost soul awakes in heavenly bliss it can not be happier than I.

I said again directly to the Professor, that I undertook for myself never to forsake the Captain, and to stay by him if he wishes to have me. I was still in fault, I have wished yet to do so.



The Professor heard me surprised, and with a calm look was silent again for a long time, as this was his habit. Then he advised me that I should not hurry over anything; he can not generally approve of my purpose, and should also reflect whether the Captain might not some day lay violent hands on me.

That I had not yet considered, but I still supposed there was no danger, a blind man is weak, and I am strong. I will conquer him again through kindness. I asked if the Captain knows it was not I who drove him into blindness, and the Professor stated that the Captain called him a bungler and besides has called him many worse names. I desired that I be allowed to go to the Captain. I begged to permit me to be alone with him. The Professor again refused me. We walked in by the Captain.

He sat bent over in a large easy chair and had his hand laid on the head of Rack. He moved himself not when he heard us step in. When the Professor said, "Gitta is here and wishes to ask your pardon," he pushed the dog away, raised himself up and said: "Indeed, and shall that be all? I am expecting a telegram from my friend Schaller, an advocate will show you what belongs to me and what belongs to you. Now, Gitta, do you enjoy your revenge?"

Yet before I could answer the Professor repeated that my act was unfaithful, but without it the eyesight couldn't have been saved. The Captain murmured, unintelligibly lost before himself, then he called: "Shame! I was caught in the quarters of hypocrites and scoundrels. I am not yet clear above your swindling. She must have torn off the bandage, with it your blundering didn't come to light, or



do you confess yourself as a blunderer, in order to wash clean the sweetheart of the great doctor of Berlin?"

I shuddered, as if one out of the lowest hell spoke from below. Does this misery thus pervert and pollute everybody? Oh, how sad! The man is so miserable and so spiteful.

I composed myself and said to him, I allow myself not through bad talk to mislead, I acknowledge myself at fault, I have in anger wished to make him blind, and for that I wish in humility to repent and serve and not forsake him during life. "Will you do that? Come here, give me your hand! Come nearer," spoke the Captain. I gave him my hand and he pressed it, I mean that he bruised it. "I have your promise. You are witness. You! you there, Mr. Professor," he gnashed.

"I tore my hand loose and said: "You have done me shameful, that must be the last time. I say to you, I keep my promise. But you bear in mind yourself, I am stronger than you. And if still, a single time, it be as it is, you wish to abuse me, then I forsake you in that very hour. These are my terms."

It was still in the sitting room, there a letter was brought. The Captain desired that I read, and in the letter it said, "Schaller has died of apoplexy, with a champagne glass in his hand, that he had just emptied."

The Captain bit his lips together and gave no sound from himself. When the Professor wished to go, he called: "Do you remain, Mr. Professor. I desire one thing, then I surrender up everything else." "And what do you desire?" "Do you give



me poison. For what purpose shall I still live?"

"I have expected that you would request this of me, but you can yourself say in advance, also, that I comply not with your request. Your Lord wishes that we regard this life other than duty, but for you it shall be only a pleasure, a merry beverage; when it is not, so shatter you the vessel. You wish not longer to live, but you must, and you will yet become thankful." "I become? Good. I will take to heart your noble words," nodded the Captain, half consenting, half unwillingly.

The Professor went; I stay by the Captain. He called me to him and said, in his trunk lies a loaded double-barrel pistol; I must give it to him, he must shoot himself, he can not live; he claims my obedience as the only and last atonement for my deed. My heart stood still, but I recovered myself and said: "Who goes bail for me for this, that you shoot yourself and not me?"

"See there, you are very prudent! But lay for me the pistol on the table and go out of the room."

I repeated that I will not humor him. He declared me very forward, that I have exacted for myself too much; it is not possible that I take care of him, I must always curse him.

"And when you also throw good towards me, for what shall I still live?"

Then heaven gave me the right words: "You must still live, so that I can do good to you." "Do good to me? I will believe it. I shall also yet live to see that good will be done to me?" He laid himself down and soon was fast asleep.

L. of C.



## TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

I sat in the adjoining room; there it was reported to me that a man from my home wished to speak to me, let him not be sent away. Who can it be?

I hastened to the vestibule: there stood the Roadmaster, the father of Ronymus.

"Do you still know me?" he smiled with self-satisfaction; "surely not, I look like quite another person? Ronymus has fixed me up so, he has bid me come, has let me wear this new suit. But come into the sitting room, I have something to say to you that is good."

I asked him to talk low, for I have a patient in the next room who is now asleep.

"Yes, it is right that you bring up to me the main point. There must be an end of waiting on the sick. We allow you no longer at that, you the Wild Plum farmer's daughter! No, that is permitted to be no longer. If you had still lived to see also only this! Let me only weep, this harms nothing. I only wish that I may some day be wept for. Yes, that I do not forget it, still before her death she has solemnly enjoined on me that I deliver to you the money for your half of the goats and for your half of three geese. I have it by me. And for your hens there is increase, that I bring along to you in the Lamb Tavern."

I understand not what all this shall be, and it was hard to bring the good Roadmaster to rights. How I also asked, was this then to be with the Lamb Tavern?

He called: "Thus? Do you not yet know this? Must you yet know it, the great lodging tavern over



yonder in the valley? And there is a field and pasture-land by it, and also a piece of vineyard and a piece of forest—all, all, and the full household furniture is also there, one needs to provide nothing at all; there will you beautifully and good live with each other. So? Also has Ronymus to you said nothing at all of this, that he has bought the Lamb Tavern and that you will there keep house with each other? But I am also there, I go along. I can indeed still work so much that I earn my bread.”

I asked after Ronymus and the Roadmaster laughed: “Yes, he is very foolish—that is to say, he is otherwise very sensible, that shows itself indeed, he has economized well—but he is madly in love with you; that is the way we are, I have also thus had it with my Bonifacia. Oh, dear God, why has she not lived to see this, that she can sing the children to sleep. You know truly that she could sing so well, but she sings down from heaven.”

The Roadmaster weeps, but he can bring forth no more words.

I said: “Yes, Roadmaster.” “Say not Roadmaster, say father-in-law.”

“Does Ronymus know this from the Captain?”

“Certainly. It appears to the fellow quite right that he is blind.”

Out of the next room called the Captain: “Who is there? Who says that it is right, that it appears right to me?”

I requested the Roadmaster that he go now and send Ronymus to me this evening. I went to the Captain. I must tell him who was there, and he said in a low voice: “Every road hand is now above me.”



## TWENTY-SIXTH CHAPTER.

Ronymus came in the evening. He laid both hands on his breast and could not talk. I took him by the hand, led him to my room, and said: "Ronymus, you have me willingly, and I say it straight out to you, I have you also willingly, but—"

"But what? Now is everything good, nothing further is needed."

"Ronymus! I have solemnly promised the Captain that I will not leave him so long as for me an eye still stands open."

"Then shall your eyes stand open yet seventy-seven years and still a pair of autumns besides. Well, so be it then. We take the fellow to us and feed him, until he is dead."

"No, Ronymus, not thus, you must do it willingly."

"One can't compel himself to do willingly. But for the love of you I can consent thereto. You I must have, you I take, even if I get seven devils into the bargain. And if I consider it rightly, so it goes quite well; we have indeed a public house with eleven rooms and five garrets, and the Captain must still have a good pile of money from his robber time here; and if I mistake not, so good deeds don't bring bad ones. Oh, thou! You make yet a good natured fellow out of me. Now do you laugh? Why do you weep?"

I haven't been able to say it, and Ronymus laid hold of me with both hands and looked at me and said: "It came forth to him yet as a dream, that the Princess of the Wild Plum Farm would marry



him.” But it must be true, and for proof that it is true, I shall give him a kiss. I requested him now to go with me to the Captain and to bring everything in order. He said: “Yes, yes, it is already so with me. When I was yet a small boy, then has the bad dog of your uncle Donatus torn my breeches. For weeks I have carried a suitable stone in my pocket in order to strike that dog on the head; but when I was able to do it, I have taken the stone out of my pocket and did nothing to the dog. Thus it now happens to me also with the Captain. But come, I will make it indeed right.” Hand in hand we went to the Captain.

“Mr. Captain, I come with my bridegroom,” I said.

“What? You? Who? With whom?” He let me not come farther to words and cursed the whole world—a blind man to be betrayed, and solemn oaths to be of no value.

He stretched out his arm and screamed, “if he could only choke me; one single woman for all.”

“You listen to us still quiet and patient,” said Ronymus.

“Who spoke there? Who is that?”

“I, Ronymus!” “Who is Ronymus?”

“I have been a servant at the Wild Plum Farm of Xander. I have at that time offended the Lord Captain. You pardon me. It shall not be spoken of. I have had a hatred to this Lord Captain. I have it no longer. I beg you also to have none now. We will hold you in honor. Let you speak out to me. I have been a soldier. But that I have not wished to speak of now. We have bought a public house, and



there you shall stay with us and have a good time, and my wife and I and those that come after shall be servants to you, as if you were their grandfather. And my father, the Roadmaster, we have also with us. You shall see—will say, you shall experience it—how we are to you day and night, and you will enjoy yourself well with us. My deceased mother has said a hundred times no one can cook so well as Brigitta. Mister! Mister! Let you in all things now be good, I can not say more.”

His voice failed him, big drops stood on his forehead, and as he now wiped them from his forehead, I had willingly kissed his hands. But I can do nothing but weep. Ronymus grasped my hand and said: “You shall not weep. You shall be joyful.”

The Captain for a long time said not a word. At last he said: “How are you called?” “I have already said it, Ronymus.”

“Ronymus, do you believe I might have much money, and this descends to you then?”

“Yes, we are ready to take it, and I suppose we are allowed, too.”

“So? Do you believe I am to be blamed by you because Xander has gone to the bottom? Speak honorably, do you believe that?”

“Yes.” Again was the Captain a long time quiet. He moved the fingers of both hands quickly in the air, and then said: “Come here, Ronymus, come nearer. You seem to be an honest fellow. I could for myself specially make it good by you if I pretended to be rich, but I will not. I will to you hon-



estly say I possess nothing more. Do you believe that?"

"No, I believe it not."

"But it is so. Will you now still take me into the house and maintain me, and just now willingly?"

"Even now willingly?" answered Ronymus. "No, but our word we keep. Brigitta says she is indebted to you, and I as her husband will pay the debts of my wife."

"Now it is well; I trust you. I have been robbed, I have nothing but a good annuity so long as I live."

"Yes, I go with you, Gitta; with this man you will be happy."

In my room again I have taken Ronymus around the neck, and more willingly has never yet a wife in the world embraced her husband than I have mine. And is there a better, more honorable man in the world?

He took something out of his pocket and said: "This has my deceased mother bequeathed to you; this is your wedding gift; in this reticule is the stone chip that was in my father's eye, and on her death bed has my mother bequeathed it to you; she has prophesied that you will be my wife."

As he at last went away, he said: "Oh, thou! I—I gained the Wild Plum farmer's daughter; I—I got the Princess of the Wild Plum Farm!"

Well, this very day Ronymus spoke of my father, and especially of my mother, as if they were prince and princess; and when he is very jovial he calls me, but only in private, the Princess of the Wild Plum Farm."



## TWENTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The departure from the institution, from our excellent Professor, and from the patients, has become severe to me.

The Roadmaster and the Captain are with us here alone in the public house.

The Roadmaster was, moreover, good to everybody. It is said he has not troubled himself much about them, but he has not harmed any one, and has also against no one anything in his soul. Only the Captain he hated unto the very death; he wished at first not to go with us, when we took with us the Captain.

Ronymus knew that he would not help, but I succeeded at last in quieting him. I kept it before him, how it was at that time to him, when he in the fear of losing his eye had come to Hayden; he shall show his gratitude with it by being patient towards the blind.

“When you remind me of that, I must follow you,” the Roadmaster has said. The good road that leads from our house over the mountain, into the fields and into the forest, that has the father-in-law, by himself alone, fitted up.

The Captain was good to the children, and he was also a fortune to them. There can nothing be given for a child, that it can better do, than when from day to day it can render service to a helpless person; that makes it willing and thoughtful, in order to do good, and that is the best school and the best food for a young mind.

The Roadmaster and the Captain have soon died,



one after the other, although they were not really sick.

One day the Roadmaster came home and said to Ronymus: "I have let the hammer and shovel and rake lie there above at the forest. I do not feel at all well. I will lay myself down. Bring me a sup of cherry cordial."

He went to his room, and soon thereafter, as Ronymus followed, he found his father dead. He must have died very easy.

We gave ourselves all the labor, that the Captain notice nothing of the death and burial of the father-in-law, but he has yet noticed it, and has gone with the funeral obsequies, Agnes driving for him. This was his last going out.

"Your father has made the road, that others can travel thereon," he has said to Ronymus, on his return home.

Further no word, generally he has from that time on little more said. Formerly he had the children much around him, now has he wished to have always only me about him.

"You are once more become a daughter, now is that also past," he said one day, "to me—not to me . . ."

I have well understood what he meant, but I cannot lie. I cannot say to him that I have loved him, I did not.

One day a letter came from Paris; I must read it aloud to him; the letter was from his wife, and there stood very terrible words in it.

The Captain was silent for a good while, then he said: "Strike a light! Burn the letter!" I obeyed



him. I must think thereon how my father burned his name.

“Give me the ashes in my hand,” said the Captain. “So! It is all over. This does she to me, to her. I did only good, sacrificed all, everything. I had come upon the wrong woman. You . . . to you . . . To you I have done only wicked, and you, you have love for me. Say, have you love? Are you silent? It is right, it is honest . . . You have done good to me . . . Good . . .

He still muttered words that I didn’t understand. I was uneasy and afraid. I called Ronymus, he came; the Captain breathed heavy, I sank on my knees, and Ronymus closed for him his eyes—the dead eyes.

The Captain is buried beside my father-in-law, the Roadmaster . . . So, now I am done. I know not whether any one can say of others or himself, he has fulfilled the commandment, “Love your enemy.” I, for myself, cannot say it.

THE END.







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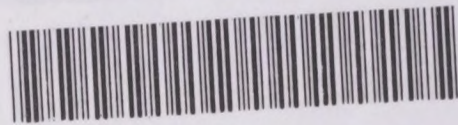
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